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WHAT AUNT ABBIE HAS COMING

By Sewell Ford

Off to the Front—

That's where every real American wants to be—right at the front—whether in war or in business.

Getting to the front is a question of proper food, rational exercise and simple living. Knowing what to eat and how to eat sometimes spells success for the man with poor physical endowment.

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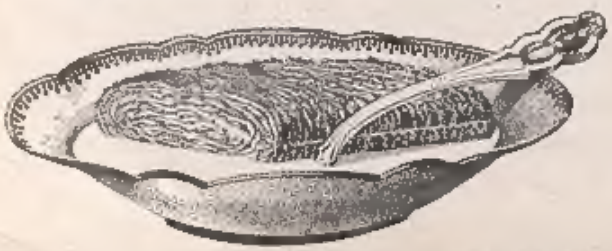
is the food for the man at the front, for the upstanding man, for the man who does things with hand or brain. It is 100 per cent. whole wheat, nothing wasted, nothing thrown away.

For your "meatless meals" try Shredded Wheat Biscuit with sliced bananas, stewed prunes, baked apples, or other fruits. Two of these Shredded Wheat Biscuits with fruit make a nourishing, satisfying meal for breakfast, lunch or dinner at a cost of a few pennies.



MADE AT NIAGARA FALLS, NEW YORK

The Reflections of a Grizzled Voter

I WENT down to the fire-house in my precinct on the first Tuesday in November, and voted for woman suffrage, as has been my custom all these years.

And, to my astonishment, the next morning I read in the newspaper that it had carried.

I say astonishment, because almost nothing that I vote for ever does carry. On the day after election I look over the papers, and if a single Road Commissioner or Supervisor of the Poor on my ticket has pulled through, I consider that it has been a successful election for me.

Like Truth, I have grown accustomed to being crushed to earth. It doesn't worry me as much as it used to.

For, having watched many elections and listened to many campaign promises, I have noticed this—that the progress of the world isn't permanently affected very much by turning one set of politicians out and putting another set in.

I continue to vote, as intelligently as I can; but I have ceased to feel as enthusiastic as I used to feel about the power of votes to usher in the millennium.

Maybe it's old age creeping on me; maybe I'm just plain old-fashioned. But I just can't believe that anything is finally going to turn the trick of saving the world but *simple individual goodness.*

It was Napoleon—a very successful politician—who said:

> Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and myself founded empires. But on what did we rest the creation of our genius? Upon sheer force. Jesus Christ alone founded his empire *upon love;* and at this hour millions of men will die for him.

The empires, with all their machinery of election and of legislation, have passed away, leaving hardly a trace behind.

The Carpenter held no elections: He was president of nothing; secretary of nothing; He formed no committees, made no stump speeches, cast no vote. Yet the influence of his simple goodness has outlived all the empires of the earth, and stands to-day the most potent force for righteousness and progress in the world.

I lunched the other day with a celebrated war correspondent, just back from Europe.

"There's just one thing I'm sure of," he said. "Everything else about the war and the future of the world is problematical. But this I know—*the world must be run by heart power after this.* We've tried brain power, and it doesn't work. The Germans developed it to its highest point of efficiency, and we have the results to-day. It's got to be heart power from now on, or we're all in; that's all."

And the home is the dynamo out of which heart power flows.

There were thousands of agitators and reformers at work in the United States in the days before the Civil War. They doubtless did much good work. But all their influence added together did not equal that of the simple woman in a log cabin who gave us Abraham Lincoln, with a heart power great enough to reunite his fellow countrymen.

I welcome my sisters to the ballot-box. They will clog up the polling place a little more, and make me a bit later in getting down to the office on election day. But I'll forgive them all that, and I'll vote for all the reforms they think are going to do any good, so long as they will continue to give us sons like the Carpenter and Lincoln.

Meantime, when their pet reforms and candidates are defeated—as often they will be—let me commend to them Sam Walter Foss:

> Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
> Where the race of men go by—
> The men who are good, and the men who are bad,
> As good and as bad as I.
> I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
> Or hurl the cynic's ban;
> Let me live in a house by the side of the road
> And be a friend to man.

Reforms will come and go: Truth will keep right on being crushed and rising again. Politicians will promise and fail to make good. Movements will wax and wane. But if enough of us build our houses alongside of Sam's, we'll gradually turn this old alleyway of a world into a nice, respectable street, no matter who carries our precinct for alderman.

Bruce Barton, Editor.

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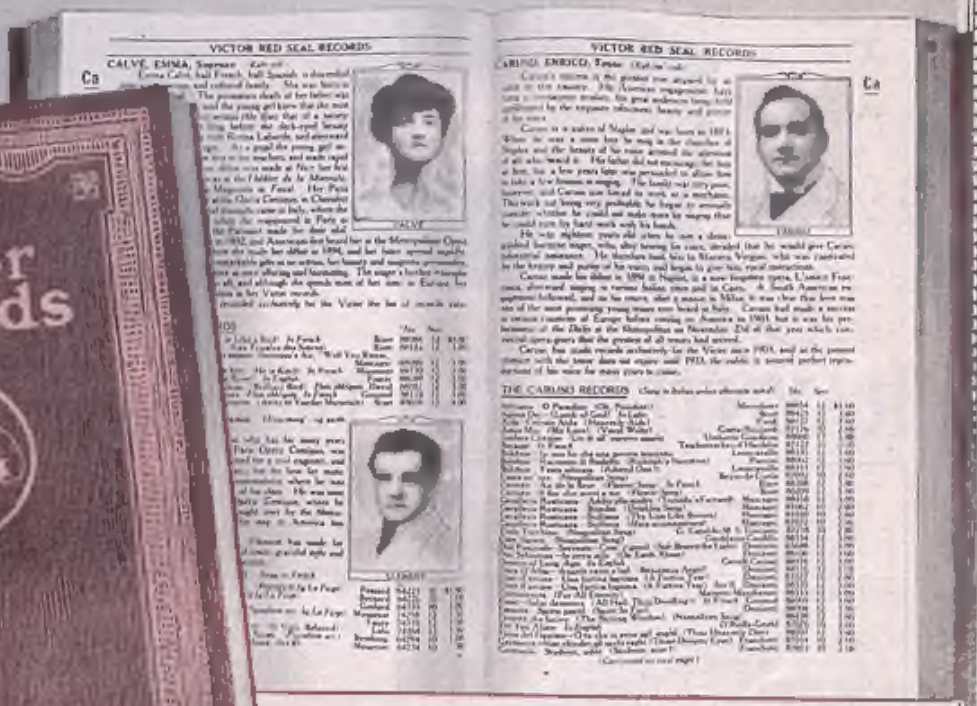

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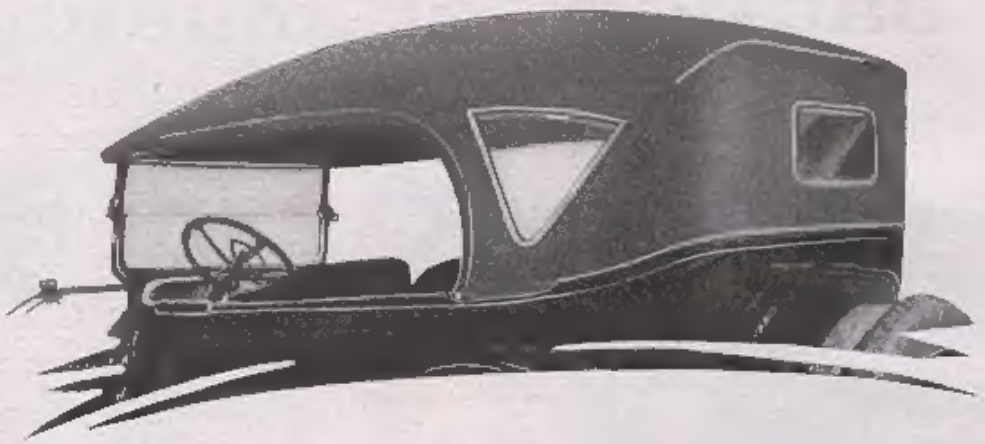

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DU PONT

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NEW HOPE FOR MIDDLE AGE

By EDWIN BALMER

THIS article will be interesting to men over forty-five; but it is not with them in mind that I am publishing it. I am thinking particularly of young men and women. Read this quotation:

"The causes that I have to consider most often are ignorance of the value of the dollar, physical ills, the querulous boss, domestic troubles,—particularly ungrateful sons and daughters who had been depended on in trouble, —the lack of keeping abreast of the times, and the scourge of a timid heart."

These are the causes that bring men to middle age jobless.

THE EDITOR.

"WANTED!" said the words in the advertisement. "Wanted, men skilled or unskilled, of forty-five or over."

Wanted!

Fred Marden, holding more tightly to the page that he had picked up from the park bench, gazed away at the autumn trees and let himself hope again. Wanted! Some one wanted him—or, at least, wanted a man of his age, skilled or unskilled.

Fred Marden was over fifty.

Now suspicion and fear, bred of bitter experience, thrust against the leap of hope. Some money was wanted with the man, undoubtedly: that was the catch in it. The advertisement was probably another cheap swindling scheme to victimize the despairing—a scheme for selling five dollars' worth of "supplies" or "samples" of things that could not possibly be sold at a profit again, or for selling to him two dollars' worth of "equipment" to make something that he could not make. Fred Marden knew all about that. Or else some downright blackguardism would be required—the peddling of quack nostrums from door to door, stealing dollars from the ignorant and sick.

No, Fred Marden considered: this newspaper would not carry such advertisements. The men were wanted, then, for something honest but merely ill paid and distasteful—like carrying "sandwich" sign-boards before and behind one through the streets. Well, that was not so bad.

He got up and, straightening his clothes again and brushing his hat on his sleeve, he started for the address given.

Man of the Family at Fourteen

IT was thirty-six years ago, when Fred Marden was fourteen, that a conduit caved in ahead there where the towering office buildings of Chicago now zigzag their roofs against the sky. Men brought Fred Marden's father from the conduit to the little gray clapboard cottage on old West Madison Street. His mother had some savings—enough to pay funeral expenses. Nothing beyond that; every one knows what liability laws were not thirty-six years ago.

Fred Marden at fourteen found himself the man of a family of six. He had two younger brothers and three little sisters, besides his mother. Fred took the first job offered him, which was in a livery stable, where he got five dollars for sweeping out and cleaning harness and things and helping with the horses. Then, for a time, they let him drive. Next they promoted him to "inside" man, giving him direction of the drivers, making engagements and routing the carriages. He got twenty-five dollars a week on his twenty-fifth birthday; a little later he was raised to thirty; and then the upward curve of Fred Marden's income halts and runs straight.

Just an Average Man

HE was not a trained man, you see; he was not a brilliant man; just an average man—one of the many, many millions—distinguished, in so far as he was distinguished at all, by unusual steadiness and dependability. When taxis and the multitude of private cars began to knock the business to pieces, his boss sold out, but gave Fred so excellent a character that Fred kept his place for a year more. Then the business simply quit.

Fred Marden was forty-six when he went to another livery man for a job; forty-seven when that business quit too, and Fred Marden had to look for a job of some other kind. Forty-seven, with hair somewhat thinned, somewhat gray; forty-seven, with character excellent; domestic situation, a wife, three children, and a sister dependent; experience, thirty-three years in the livery business; savings, three hundred and forty dollars and a small paid-up life policy. Not a thing against him—rather a good lot of evidences and inferences in his favor, in fact, but—forty-seven.

"The man who has not succeeded at forty will never succeed; after forty-five a man can make nothing of himself," met him in men's manner, if not in their words, everywhere he went.

Fred Marden started out searching for a position in a new line with self-respect, if not boldly. But slowly, as he encountered only disparagement and undervaluation everywhere, whatever claims he had to confidence began seeping away. Timidity came—timidity and haunting fear.

He turned at last from the rebuffs of those to whom he offered himself to the welcome of those who "wanted" such men as he; whereby he gained the knowledge hinted at a few paragraphs above.

The Coming of Fear

THESE experiences recurred with bitter vividness as Fred Marden, holding himself straighter now as he passed many people, went on; but—"Wanted!" The lure of the word, the hope of being honestly wanted by some one again, gave him impulse. He observed, as he approached his goal, that other men gray-haired and shabbily clothed, others with undeceivingly dyed brows and mustache, others also trying to hold themselves confidently and to step more alertly, were bound for the same address. These were ill, familiar auspices; Fred Marden almost turned back. But he was there now; he had come a long way; the office seemed different from others to which he had gone. He went on and into an office quite different indeed, and to meet an office manager quite distinct from any he had encountered before.

The business of this office and of this manager—the business of providing permanent, paying positions for men over forty-five—is unique, I believe. This business did not exist, even as a unique experiment, a year ago. Only in November of last year was the idea of systematically encouraging the employment of men past forty-five put on trial by a small group of Chicago business men.

The Business of Finding Work for Men Over Forty-five

AT the start it was privately managed as a philanthropic venture; but its development became so significant that after a couple of months the Employers' Association of Chicago took over the work, and has now established it as a valuable economic enterprise.

Every ten minutes of every working day this employment bureau of the Employers' Association of Chicago places in a permanent position at a living wage some man of the sort usually considered as having outlived his economic usefulness.

In the ten months that the bureau has been operating, more than 93 per cent of the men placed have held their positions. That means that the employers are satisfied; it also means that the men, besides being capable of productive work, are not casuals or drifters. Prior to June 15 the wage average per man per week was eleven dollars; from that date to this, the standard has been raised to over fifteen dollars per man per week. That means advancement for a very large number.

"The gentlemen," says Victor T. J. Gannon, the manager—(he means it, and I should say that having as manager for the bureau a young gentleman who sees old, jobless, timid applicants only as gentlemen is no small part of the success of the bureau)—"the gentlemen register their history with us, and supply references; we match men with the requirements of the employer, and they are immediately sent forth to fill the niche with which their physical and mental measurements are most closely allied.

"Four thousand four hundred and twenty unemployed men visited our offices last month; fourteen hundred and forty-five last week—the ex-bank president; the old jurist; the surgeon whose hand is no longer steady; the neat old book-keeper whose life-long fear of asserting himself brought him to sixty years and no competence; the brawny laborer who at sixty-five and even seventy is still physically able to do fancy shoveling: all these—and hundreds of others—who never did fit in rightly anywhere are given a new start in life.

"What is the chief cause of their unemployment? If we had begun this work twenty years ago, doubtless the number of the unemployed would have been as great and the burden laid at the door of intemperance; but to-day the history of the men passing before us daily shows so little desperation and degradation which can be ascribed to drink

Concluded on page 21

Who is General von Mackensen?

Photograph by Central News Photographic Service

Mystery and silence have always surrounded the career of this man. He is on terms of curious intimacy with the German Imperial family. He gives orders to the Austrian princes, and has come into conflict with the Emperor on the subject of the Crown Prince. Who is von Mackensen?

WHO is von Mackensen? Whence comes this most brilliant of the German commanders? You may search a hundred war books and get no answers for he has never been interviewed by a foreign correspondent. The whole of his life seems to be enveloped in mystery. But there is one fact which throws a strong light upon his origin. It is this:

From the day when Lieutenant Mackensen emerged, creditably enough, from the Franco-Prussian War, to the hour of his crushing stroke at Italy, he has been on curious terms of intimacy with the Imperial family. His standing has been more that of a recognized kinsman than of a court favorite. Originally von Mackensen was not intended for the army. He served in the Franco-Prussian War as a volunteer, and apparently planned to return to civil life when that brief conflict was over. But some one or something interposed; and Mackensen's career was definitely fixed in the army. Later he became military tutor to the present Emperor.

Evidently the some one looking out for him judged rightly that he had the making of a great soldier; for, after a number of years, he was promoted to the important position of Military Governor of Königsberg, the ancient capital of Prussia. There befell a significant incident.

At Königsberg the Crown Prince was stationed, cutting a pretty frivolous path. Perhaps the honest burghers complained to Mackensen about it. Anyway, he summoned the Crown Prince to headquarters, and warned him that he would have to behave himself. It would have been better for the Crown Prince if he had not decided to try a fall with Mackensen. The next time he cut loose, he found himself confined in a fortress, on precisely the same terms as any ordinary officer guilty of breach of discipline. Of course there was a rumpus about it. The Kaiser hustled down to Königsberg, to see what could be done. He found Mackensen as steel in his determination to make the Crown Prince serve his full sentence. His orders would be carried out, or there would be another commander of Königsberg. The Kaiser gave in, and the young bloods of the Death's Head Hussars quite suddenly came to time.

Another dramatic episode gives point to the mystery of Mackensen. When he was sent to the relief of Austria, he was received by a galaxy of high Austrian officers, princes, dukes, and what not. After initial formalities, the Austrian chief of staff presented Mackensen with his orders.

"What's this?" demanded Mackensen, barely glancing at the paper.

"Your orders, Excellency."

"From whom?"

"The Emperor."

"What Emperor?"

"The Emperor of Austria."

With a contemptuous gesture, Mackensen tossed the paper on the floor.

"I receive orders," he flashed upon the astonished assembly, "only from the Emperor of Germany. I am here to command, you to obey."

What the Austrians must have thought of this ally, whose contemptuous arrogance smacked of the Kaiser himself, may be left to the imagination.

Who, then, is this Mackensen, who dared to clap the Crown Prince in jail, and keep him there against the appeal of the Emperor himself, who treated the Austrian Emperor with haughty public disdain; who reports directly to the Kaiser, apparently over the heads of the German General Staff? Rumor supplies a possible explanation, and this is how it has filtered out of Germany: Mackensen is said to be the son of a Scotchwoman of the name of Mackenzie, who was a lady-in-waiting at the court of Emperor William I. The other part of him is Hohenzollern of the highest, the rumor goes, so that his blood relationship to the Kaiser is close indeed.

An examination of Mackensen's portrait would seem to lend support to the rumor. Compare it with that of the Kaiser, and there is a resemblance, though Mackensen's features are infinitely stronger. His is not a typically stolid German face, like Hindenburg's; nor has it the sentimental, intellectual cast of Falkenhyn. You can no more associate him with huge lunches of beer and sausage than you can with Wagner music. Alertness, keenness, and swift decision, touched with caution, are written all over Mackensen's features. The Scotch have a habit of preserving mental and physical vigor in first-rate trim until after threescore years and ten. If the rumor of his part Scotch origin be true, it would explain the activity of the man at seventy-two in smashing down over the Italian Alps.

Captain Michael White.

Do You Want to be an Officer?

© International Film Service, Inc.

Any man in the naval reserve on active duty is eligible for training at Harvard's school for officers. Entrance examinations are held every four months.

How War Seems to a Woman

"THE dreariness of war never came on us till we went out there to live behind the trenches," writes Mrs. Arthur Gleason, who, with two other women, ran a dressing station behind the front line of trenches in Belgium during the first year of the war. (*Golden Lads*, by Arthur Gleason, published by the Century Company.)

"To me it was getting up before dawn and washing in ice-cold water, no time to comb the hair, always carrying a feeling of personal mussiness.

A sun-lit shelter on the eastern front, seen from the black tunnel entrance.

Photograph by French official Press Bureau, from Paul Thompson

"I suffered from cold, wet feet. I hated it that there was never a moment I could be alone. The tooth-brush was the one article of decency I clung to.

"There was nothing romantic about our work in these first days. It was mostly cooking, peeling hundreds of potatoes, slicing bushels of onions, cutting up chunks of meat, until our arms were aching. These were boiled together in great black pots. Our job, when it wasn't to cook the stew, was to take buckets of it to the trenches.

"Here we ladled it out to each soldier. Always we went early, while mist still hung over the ground; for we could see the Germans on clear days. The mornings were bitterly cold. Early in my career as a nurse, I rid myself of skirts. Boots, covered with rubber boots to the knees in wet weather; breeches; a leather coat; and as many jerseys as I could walk in—these were my clothes. But, as I slept in them, they didn't keep me very warm.

"It is not easy to eat and sleep and live together in close quarters, sometimes with rush work, sometimes through severest hours of aimless waiting. Again and again we became weary of one another, impatient over trifles.

"What war does is to reveal human nature. It does not alter it. It heightens the brutality and the heroism. Selfishness shines out nakedly, and kindliness is seen clearer than in routine peace days. War ennobles some men by sacrifice, by heroism. It debases other men by handing over the weak to them for torture and murder. What is in the man comes out under the supreme test."

A Soldier's Last Letter Home

My dear Father: I am writing one of these "in case" letters for the third time; and, of course, I hope you will never have to read it. If you are reading it now, you will know that your youngest son "went under" as proud as Punch on the most glorious day of his life. I am taking my company "over the top" for a mile in the biggest push that has ever been launched in the world.

Dad, you can't imagine the wonderful feeling. A man thinks something like this: "Well, if I am going to die, this is worth it a thousand times."

I have "been over" two or three times before, but never with a company of my own. Think of it—a hundred and fifty officers and men who will follow you to hell, if need be!

I don't want any of you dear people to be sorry for me, although of course you will, in a way. You will miss me, but you will be proud of me. I am not going in the way I did the first time—just for sheer devilment and curiosity. I have seen this game for two years, and I still like it and feel that my place is here.

So much for that. I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for all your loving kindness to me. This war has done wonders to me, and makes me realize lots of things I would not have done otherwise.

Good-by, dear father and mother, and all of you. Again I say that I am proud to be where I am now.

GORDIE.

(Sent by Captain F. G. Tupper to his father in Canada.)

The Camp Devens' Mascot

John Grady, an orphan 14 years old, officially adopted with rank of bugler.

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Backward Austria

Is there any hope for an ending of the war through revolution in Austria? Not much, according to Wolf von Schierbrand, whose book on *Austria-Hungary* has just been published by Frederick Stokes Company. If any move for peace comes from that direction, it is much more likely to be prompted by the Emperor, who feels his hold on the polyglot population slipping as the months of suffering and denial drag out.

The trouble with Austria-Hungary is deeply rooted. There is no spirit of nationality in the empire. It was built, not by the common purpose of a great people, but by the addition of one tribe and people after another, before the conquering march of the Hapsburgs.

No common language is spoken. Half the people of the empire can not understand the other half. Of the twenty-six million inhabitants of Austria, more than ten millions are illiterate.

Over the whole conglomerate mass sits the House of Hapsburg, which numbers now about 170 members, with its traditions running back to the Holy Roman Empire, and with customs and habits of thought that have not advanced since the middle ages.

Only one ruler in the whole Hapsburg line—Joseph II—evidenced any feeling whatever for the people over whom he ruled. He opened the imperial hunting grounds near Vienna to the common people. When his courtiers murmured, complaining that henceforth they should not know where to go to be "among themselves," he told them curtly that if that were the guiding principle of life, where should he himself turn to be among his equals?

A century and a half has elapsed since his death, but he is still spoken of in terms of hate by the aristocracy of Vienna.

The present young Emperor is inclined to be democratic; but he is wrapped up in a court etiquette that is stifling. A striking illustration of what that etiquette means is found in the funeral of Francis Ferdinand and his consort, murdered in 1914.

The grave and awful problem had to be solved by the imperial master of ceremonies, Prince Montenuovo, how to conduct the funeral first of the husband and then of the wife. Being his "morganatic" wife, her rank was not equal to his. All the rusty wiseacres of the imperial court were in a state of excitement to solve the knotty problem, which they did finally by declaring that, while the remains of Francis Ferdinand were worthy to receive the state burial due a leading member of the dynastic line, the wife of his bosom and mother of his children could by no means share in them.

So it came about that, even while the world was breaking into the war caused by the death of the Prince and his wife, the two funerals were held—one an elaborate pageant lasting many days, and the other a quiet ceremony, completely hidden from the populace.

"BURN VENICE, BUT DO NOT SURRENDER"

NEVER in modern times has a poet held such a place with the army and the people as D'Annunzio with the Italians in this war. He is the spokesman of Italian feeling, whomsoever else may voice her statecraft. The New York *Times* on November 19 published his thrilling speech on Venice, in which he urged his countrymen to burn her rather than surrender her to Austria:

"Austrians to walk in the piazza of San Marco! I can not think of it. It is agony! It is the ultimate horror, not alone for the fact of it, but for all that it signifies. It must never be! Now, if ever, we Italians must experience the resurrection of our great qualities. We must make a great and immortal gesture, one which shall thrill the world. Rather than devote those stones to the tread of Austria, let us fire the city! Let that beauty, that inspiration, perish in a fire whose glow shall illuminate the pages of your history for all time! Better that than to surrender it!"

Photograph by International Film Service, Inc.

The Grand Canal of Venice crowded with gondolas carrying refugees. The Palace of the Doges has been covered with sand-bags, and the façade shored with heavy timbers. The Campanile has sand-bags for forty feet around the base. The most valuable movable works of art have been carried out of the city.

Is War "Glorious"?

FIRE and flood are not glorious; all the glory is in the spirit of mankind, which is made of stuff too splendid not to show its mettle even in the worst calamities. And war is not glorious, though oftentimes in war men are.

One who knows what really is happening on European battle-fields to-day and calls war glorious is morally unsound. Says an eye-witness:

"Last night, at an officers' mess, there was great laughter at the story of one of our men who had spent his last cartridge in defending an attack. 'Hand me down your spade, Mike,' he said; and as six Germans came, one by one, round the end of a traverse, he split each man's skull open with a deadly blow."

That is war.

Says a Young Men's Christian Association Secretary:

"Many times these fingers have reached through the skulls of wounded men and felt the throbbing of their brains."

That is war. An officer's letter from the front reads:

"An enemy mine exploded here a few days ago and buried our brigade. Many of the men were killed, but some were not much hurt; so we dug them out and used them over again."

Sons of God and brothers of Jesus Christ—"dug them out and used them over again!"

From the Illustrated London News

An English graveyard in France. Each cross bears a name and identification tablet, and the epitaph: "Here lies a British soldier. R. I. P."

That is war.

Harry Emerson Fosdick in *The Challenge of the Present Crisis* (Association Press).

Why Winter Fighting is So Difficult

WHY can the Allies fight on the western front such a comparatively small number of days out of the year? Is it because months are required to pile up the munitions that are blown away in a few hours of battle? Partly so. But the chief enemy to winter fighting is *mud*.

A big shell will make a hole fifteen or twenty feet across and as many deep. Into it pours rain. Other shells fall, churning the ground, until a great lake of mud is formed. The crust that frost forms over it will bear the weight of a man, but not the guns. And even the men fall through sometimes.

"Long after the battle," says the *Bystander*, "men were still being dug out from the awful cold, clinging, sucking slush. One poor man, recovered two nights later, had sunk right to the neck; many of them were got out with the greatest difficulty, and it is feared that some of the wounded must have been swallowed up before help could arrive, and even a brigade officer, without the fighting man's load, took twenty minutes to struggle through a hundred yards of that unbelievably stodgy Flanders mud."

Bruce Bairnsfather, in *Bullets and Billets*, describes a typical January night in the trenches:

It was raining, and the trench contained over three feet of water. The men, therefore, were standing up to their waists in water. They were all wet through and through, with a great deal of their equipment below the water at the bottom of the trench. These they were taking it all as a necessary part of the great game; not a grumble nor a comment.

Napoleon

By Oliver Herford

From Confessions of a Caricaturist, by Oliver Herford (Charles Scribner's Sons).

I LIKE to draw Napoleon best
Because one hand is in his vest,
The other hand behind his back.
(For drawing hands I have no knack.)

The Red Cross Cuts Salaries

HOW much of the money that you contribute to the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., and other war relief organizations is applied directly to the work in hand? How much is eaten up in the expenses of administration?

Of course there *must* be administrative chaos would result otherwise. But the interesting thing about these organizations is that in very large measure they are being served by men who give their time without pay; in the Red Cross, for instance, as is shown by the following figures, both the number and the average amount of salaries paid have been reduced since the war began—in spite of the enormous increase in the work. The figures three months after the United States had entered the war were as follows:

Membership about	2,500,000
Chapters, nearly	1,800
Paid officers and employees, National Headquarters	700
Salaries $2,000 to $7,000	43

On November 1, 1917, the figures had become:

Membership more than	5,000,000
Chapters	3,247
Paid officers and employees, National Headquarters	422
Salaries $2,000 to $7,000	37

Those New Steel Hats

IT is Ian Hay who stands sponsor for this tale of trench fashions in his latest book, *All in It*, published by Houghton, Mifflin Company.

Jock did not care for the new steel hat which his superiors saw fit to thrust upon him. Nor did he hesitate to apply it to other and varied uses, or to lose it, if necessary, to avoid wearing it. In fact, not until the Colonel issued orders for his staff to set the style did his honor, the private, even deign to consider its merits. Then the following argument arose:

"I'm tellin' you, Jimmy, the C. O. is no the man for tae soak' a show of himself like that for naething. These tin bunners must be some use. Will we put ours on?"

"Awa' hame and bile your head!" replied James.

But Wullie refused to be advised. And the argument waxed hotter and hotter. Finally they hit on a method of solution. Two helmets were thrust heavily on two heads. (No, reader, these were not lunatics, but just Scotchmen proving the strength of their convictions.)

Simultaneously two heads were thrust over the parapet. Immediately two Boche snipers let fly at two targets. And forthwith two Scotchmen fell heavily backward into the arms of their respective supporters.

And then—

"I telt ye so!" cried both, when they had recovered their breath.

And indeed it seemed as if both had won a victory, until it was found that Jimmy had bitten his tongue in falling backward. Whereupon the verdict went to Wullie, and the helmets were worn.

NOTHING ELSE MATTERS

By CONRAD RICHTER

Illustrations by Frank Snapp

IT'S generally considered romantic to be the son of a railroad official. And it is romantic—to nearly everybody but railroad officials and their sons.

"Son," queried R. R. Farr, general manager of the Eastern Railroad, "what's this I hear about you wanting to go out to California to marry that Barrett girl?"

Dick Farr, straight, earnest, just out of college, did not deny it.

"Humph. I have something to say to you," grimly announced his father, ignoring his gold cigar-cutter and biting off the end of his cigar with clean white teeth. "Before I agree to such an important matter as your marriage, you've got to produce a better girl than that. I don't exactly care which one, but she has to pass one specification I hold against her. It isn't her face or her figure or her common sense. Such things help a lot to make a wife, but you can teach them. There's one thing neither you nor I nor anybody else can teach. It's got to be born."

He coughed and waited after this so uncompromisingly that Dick finally felt that he had to speak.

"What might the specification be?"

"That she'd go through hell for you," answered his father crisply. He coughed again—his throaty cigar cough. "The girl you have, son, isn't the girl for you. If she cared a bunch of beets about you, she wouldn't leave it out to California for a whole winter and left you here with the blues. I'd rather had her curse and swear, or eat with her knife, or drink out of her coffee saucer, or never have seen the inside of a book in her life."

Dick was only human; but he tried to speak unexcitedly:

"If you feel that way about the girl who is going to be my wife, father, there isn't much use waiting here at all. I might as well start right away, tonight." He hesitated respectfully. "Under those conditions I don't suppose you'll want to make a practical railroad man out of me. Shall I try to get something in California?"

HE waited a moment. His father did not answer. Dick bowed and went silently out of the room. An hour later, with two bags in his hands, he halted irresolutely at the open library door.

"Good-by, father," he ventured.

"Good-by, son," replied his father. "You are of age. But don't lose sight of the fact that your father and mother—"

"You have no right to speak for mother," said Dick in a low voice. "She would tell me to go, if she were here."

"Your mother," returned his father slowly, "although I wasn't worth it, was willing to go through hell for me. For three years she got up at five o'clock in the morning to pack my lunch and do your baby washing, not to say anything about the washing for herself and me. She darned our stockings and mended our clothing until there were pieces that were more darned than not. She saved the left-overs from this meal and that, and out of them made some of the best dinners I ever tasted.

"She did without new clothes for herself and saved here and skimped there for three whole years. It must have been hell, but she did it more sweet and gentle than any saint in the catalogue."

He coughed convulsively.

"When a bigger job came our way, money wasn't much use. When I had a bank account to buy her silks and furs and pretty house furnishings and all the nice things I often saw her look at in the store windows, I couldn't buy her anything but flowers."

He coughed again, his throaty cigar cough.

"Do you think, son, I could stand to see anybody not half as good and unselfish as she was take her place in this house and get the benefit of things she never had, when she was the one who went through hell to heaven to help get them?"

Hard-faced, he turned his face still farther away.

"Good-by!"

Dick, in the doorway, threw off all the doubts that had flocked upon him. He couldn't back down now. He had said he would go. His bags were packed. "You *are* the kind of girl my mother was," he worshiped silently across the continent.

THAT night from the depot he wired Miss Florence Barrett, Pasadena, that he was coming as fast as steam could take him, that he would get to Los Angeles Tuesday afternoon at two-thirty-one. He was particular to look up the exact time, so she would be at the station to meet him.

But five days afterward, when he stepped out into the dim train-shed in the Southern California city, there wasn't a soul that he knew in sight. Sending his luggage to his hotel in one of the omnipresent hotel buses, he took a taxicab up the long, dark, curving road to Pasadena.

A cocky-looking Japanese man-servant told him that Miss Barrett was out in, but she had left a note for Mr. Farr. Dick tore it open eagerly, while the Japanese watched with keen eyes.

My Darling Boy:

So sorry to disappoint you. But the Dudsons planned this trip in their yacht weeks ago. And I do want to see Alaska. We're leaving tomorrow morning. And, can you imagine, I am not yet half packed!

Paul Dalsimer and Bobby Miller are going along. They have been rushing me until I am nearly dead for sleep. But, Dick dear, every time either of them held my hand or kissed me I wished it was you.

Maybelle wants me to stay out here with her and not go back East at all. In the winter we would go to the mountains. I should just love to. Perhaps I shall. I suppose you will have to go right back East. Goodness only knows when I shall see you again—if I stay out here. It might be best if we let our engagement go, dear. It was nice as long as it wasn't so horribly inconvenient for us both.

I'm certain I shall not get packed in time. Give my love to everybody back East.

FLORENCE.

"He wanted to bend down and pat the rails with his hands. The first freight that went East slowly enough for him to board was his."

Dick remembered getting back to his hotel all right, but a stubborn haze always clouded the remainder of the day and several days and nights afterward. His memory began with the sight of a dying man on the floor of a dimly lighted back room of a saloon near the railroad yards in Pocatello, Idaho. The sunken eyes of the man on the floor were swimming rigidly over the sobered group.

"One of you," he gasped rattlingly—"one of you has got to pay back a obligation I owe. Take out some paper and put it down. To Walter Whitman. He used to be at Port Reading, New Jersey. Seven years ago last March he took his crew in a saloon and got them drunk. Then he gave in their names. His crew was all fired, except himself. He was the conductor. I was the enginemen. Here I am, where he put me. To-day he's chief yard-master on the Eastern, at the big Rutherwood yards. I want you to—"

His lips tried to form another word. His eyes strained. Then he shook his head hopelessly and closed his eyes.

Of the little group Dick was the most affected. Whitman was on *his* father's railroad. Sobered, he struck out of the place. Outside, an inventory revealed that his clothes were a mess, his money gone, his luggage might be in China as far as he could remember, and, worst of all, the stubs of his check-book showed expenditures of a hundred and ten dollars more than he had money in the bank.

He turned his pockets back and struck desperately for the railroad. Almost of a sudden it sprang up before him. He stood still, breathing fairly hard, doing nothing, but looking at it. His eyes drank in its blackened ties, its rock ballast, the broken waves of heat following the glinting rails as they ran dead away to the East.

"Hello, old scout, old scout!" he found himself saying. He wanted to bend down and pat the rails with his hands. The first freight that went East slowly enough for him to catch a rusty handle and step was his.

From Pocatello, Idaho, to Harrisville, Pennsylvania, he obeyed all the rules of the hobo game. He rode flats and low-side-gondolas, high-side-gondolas, hoppers, cruisers, and battleships, and learned the gentle art of springing the sealed door of the older type of box-car, in which he could sleep without fear.

At last, at the big Rutherwood yard near Harrisville, he came in sight of a trap-rock ballast, double-track line with Hall signals. It was his father's own Eastern Railroad. He stayed up in the end of his high-side-gondola loaded with fragrant lumber, while a rider dropped it over the hump down into one of the tracks thirty abreast in the yard.

ON being questioned, the rider answered that, sure enough, a man of the name of Walter Whitman was chief day yard-master. Dick asked the way to his office. It was part of his plan.

For a full two minutes he stood alongside of the yard-master's desk, waiting for him to look up.

"Yes, we want men," the yard-master at last answered coldly, "but no bums."

He looked back to his desk ignoringly. Dick went out, carrying with him the unpleasant picture of a bony head with plastered black hair and eyes nearly as light as water.

A hundred yards away, in the little regulation yellow-and-brown office of the assistant yard-master, he found a strikingly different atmosphere. Two or three young fellows in shirt-sleeves were hustling copy into canvas-covered books that looked like a bookkeeper's journals. A stouty, quiet man of forty, with his back turned toward the door, was flirting car tickets into the slanted pigeonholes above his table-desk with an ease and certainty that never missed.

The remarkable thing about this man Dick noticed in a moment, was his coolness. Although there was a busy air about the place, he went unhurriedly

about his work as if we was enjoying every detail of it. At Dick's question, he turned and regarded him with candid eyes.

"Yes, sir," after a moment he declared heartily. "We need a clerk, a booker for the outbound." His eyes wrinkled with friendly interest. "What schooling have you had?"

Dick thought quickly. He had better play the game right.

"Not very much," he confessed, choking as he thought of his college sheepskin. "I can read and write pretty decent, and figure a bit."

At the assistant yard-master's request, he gave him painfully studied samples of writing and reading.

"Good enough," said the yard-master. "I—I forgot to tell you," stammered Dick. "I saw the chief yard-master a few minutes ago about a job, and he said he had no work for a bum. I don't want to get you into trouble."

"He won't bother us," smiled the assistant cheerfully. "Don't you mind what he said. Sometimes a man forgets for a minute that you can't always tell a lad by the style shirt he has on."

BY evening Dick was booking green, white, red, blue, and yellow car tickets as if he had done it all his life—the green for empties, the white for loaded cars, the red for stock and "perishable," and the blue and yellow from other roads.

Scott, the assistant yard-master, seemed to pay no further attention to him; but after the day's work he took him to a nearby railroaders' boarding-house and volunteered to stand good for him. That was only one of the little things Dick saw this man do from time to time for one or another of the hundred men under him. Dick tried to understand how a man with his signal business and executive ability in the railroad game was being held at the job of assistant yard-master. He began to make inquiries.

"Him!" exclaimed a chunky East Penn freight conductor with a red face and a shiny green-blue celluloid collar. "He has more brains and nerve than any man his age on the road. No matter how bad he's tied up here, did you ever see him get rattled or without time to answer a question or kid a man? Did you ever see him get himself in a hole or leave the yard in hard shape for the night people, the way they nearly always leave it for him?"

"Then why isn't he chief yard-master or train-master or superintendent or something!" demanded Dick.

"Why?" repeated the conductor. "Why? Why, because he's been trying to get Olson and the night people to quit dropping high explosives down any old track, up against any old car, prop or piping or any old thing, against company rules and against the law. Does Whitman make Olson listen? He does not! Before that, Scott tried to make his own men here in the yard quit cutting off high explosives so they'd have to back them up, like the rules say. Did Whitman back him up? He did not.

"And before that—about three years ago, when Scott came here from the W. & N.—he handed Whitman and the other yard-masters some quick-fire suggestions on how to hustle up this old muscle-bound, always tied-up yard. Did Whitman say Amen and hand the plans on to the train-master? Not till about a month ago, when the word came from Old Man Farr himself that this yard had positively to move more cars. Then this Whitman hands in as his own dope the suggestions that Scott had given him three years ago. And they say he's going to get promoted for it. Is it any wonder that railroaders go out on strikes?"

DICK was still hearing things when, a few days afterward, he decided to afford better clothes than the old coat and trousers Scott had brought to the office for him. He bought a modest gray suit, a pair of plain shoes, a gray felt hat, a black tie, and several collars. Next day he appeared at work in most of the new outfit. He thought Scott seemed a bit afraid of him. That evening the yard-master walked with him as far as his boarding-house.

"Why don't you try to get a little education, lad? I believe you could make something of yourself."

Dick swallowed and nodded.

"Come up to my house to-night around half past seven, and we'll see if we can dope out some plan."

Dick felt disturbed. He couldn't possibly permit the yard-master to sit up nights teaching him spelling, arithmetic, geography, or other things that he had learned when he was a youngster. He sparred for time.

"I'll come up to-night, and much obliged. But maybe I won't be able to take up your offer."

"Why not?" wondered Scott mildly.

"Give me a little time to think something over," stammered Dick. "I'll tell you about it this evening."

About half past seven he went up the narrow board walk in the center of the green Roberts lawn. Then he stepped back and took off his hat in apology as a brown-haired, gray-eyed girl opened the cheerful yellow door.

"I guess I'm at the wrong house," he said. "I wanted Mr. Scott's place."

"You couldn't be nearer right than this," answered the girl, not unpleasantly. "Won't you come in?"

Scott welcomed him inside.

"Rhoda, this is the young man I told you about who we're going to try to help toward an education. Do you know where those spelling and arithmetic books are?"

"Why, I can help teach spelling and arithmetic!" exclaimed Rhoda, and hurried enthusiastically upstairs for the books.

"Well, lad," reminded the yard-master, when they could hear the girl's light steps overhead, "you said you had something to tell. Let's hear it."

An irresistible picture of Rhoda's gray eyes smiling at him across the books and papers of their lamp-lit study table framed itself in Dick's mind.

"I was just bluffing," he stumbled. "I got the idea in my bonehead block that maybe I wouldn't learn fast enough for you, and you'd get sick of me."

"Bonehead nothing," declared Scott. "Your talk shows you've got a good mind. The thing is to get it set on the right thing."

"I think I have now," said Dick, his eyes on Rhoda as, flushed and smiling, with books piled up under her little curving chin, she came down the stairs.

TWO months passed. Three times a week Dick bent under the soft yellow light of the Scott living-room lamp, dutifully reciting such simple lessons as Rhoda or her father had given him. Then, one evening, Scott stunned him by announcing that they were going West—he was quitting his job. Dick bewilderedly asked why.

"I'm not a jealous man," explained the yard-master simply. "I don't want more than my own. But they're promoting Whitman the first of October, and Leffler's to go over my head. He gets the chief night job, while Olson gets Whitman's place. There's no use sticking around if the company doesn't want me."

"He took both bandaged hands tenderly into his own. 'You'll never know how I feel to have a daughter like you,' he said."

Dick waited for a further expression, but nothing further came—not a word of reproach for the incompetency of Whitman or the defiant rule-ignoring of Olson. Then, suddenly, he realized that Rhoda was going away.

Half of the given sixty days had passed when Scott, one evening, left Dick and Rhoda at the now familiar study table, to go to his lodge.

"Rhoda," Dick ventured, "did you ever think that—that I'd be wondering how I'm going to learn when you're away?"

"Oh, somebody will help you," Rhoda replied brightly; but she lowered her eyes.

"No matter who," said Dick soberly, "it won't be just the same."

"Why won't it be—just the same?" Rhoda was making meaningless figures on her tablet paper.

"I daren't tell you why," said Dick. "But it won't."

"Why daren't you tell me why?" The girl bent her head until he could see only a corner of one eye.

"A couple of months ago I was a bum, a hobo, worse than nobody. Neither your father nor you know where I came from or what I ever did."

"You never did anything very much wrong," said Rhoda gently.

"How do you know?"

She looked up. Her eyes were deep gray. Then she looked down again.

"Because I know," she replied unhesitatingly.

"But what if I did?" Dick persisted.

She lifted a white face, but her eyes were steady.

"It wouldn't matter," she said.

The next moment Dick was conscious of his hand starting toward hers. It [illegible] toward [illegible] did. It went slowly but not stealthily. Suddenly a thrill passed through him. He had seen her fingers drop the pencil and start slowly toward his.

In another moment she had lifted her face. Their eyes locked. Gently their fingers touched until their warm palms crushed tightly together.

FOR a long time that evening they stood close together on the front porch, with the damp fragrance of the clover lawn in their nostrils. Scott had not yet come.

"What am I going to do here alone after you go away, Rhoda?" Dick asked soberly.

"I won't go if you don't want me to," she said in a low voice.

Dick held her face in a better light.

"You mean you'd leave your father and stay, just to help me?"

"Not to help you this time." She buried her face against him; her voice was muffled. "It's to help me. I couldn't go to California with only daddy along."

"If you stay with me," reminded Dick tenderly, "it will mean we'll have to live for a while in the roughest kind of shack. I don't get hardly any salary."

"Nothing like the place we lived in would matter," faltered Rhoda. "I—I'd make up for my board. I would save on everything. I wouldn't want any new clothes, not for years."

Dick went home that night repeating to himself doggedly that he could never let himself marry Rhoda Scott until he had a position and savings that would insure her escaping the experience and perhaps the fate of his mother. Day after day he kept stubborn control of himself. Then the law of averages compassionately took the situation out of Dick's hands.

Does a Business Woman Make a Good Wife?

MY old chum in the days of studio life and "economic independence" dropped in at our apartment the other day, and sighed heavily over my married state.

"How can you," she queried hopelessly, "bear this deadly housekeeping?"

I grinned at her, and then thought it all out while I was escalloping the potatoes for Dick's 60 h. p. appetite that evening. Housekeeping is for the average woman an end, an aim, a life in itself; but I know from my own experience that it need be only a means toward comfort and happiness and a fuller life, just as the touch system makes typing a mere mechanical device and allows the efficient worker to forget her fingers and use her head. But I never would have learned this lesson if I had not been trained in a business office to save time, to manage my work, to meet emergencies, and to preserve my equilibrium and retain my nerves though the roof fall in and the heavens collapse.

I consider that the mere poise that office experience gives a girl is helpful in her own home. I can not imagine that I could sit down and weep in mid-Victorian fashion because the méringue on the lemon pie was swarthier than the cook book called for.

Once, in an office, I took a full-page advertisement and spread it all over the magazine, only to discover after the issue had been printed that it should have been a one-column affair. It cost the company hundreds of dollars, and I nearly lost my job; but nobody cried, though I writhed in humiliation for weeks. That blunder was a real tragedy; a lemon pie more or less in the world is less than a detail.

Neither can I see myself getting really flustered when I have biscuits in the oven, beefsteak on the stove, a caller at the front door, and a delivery boy at the back, with perhaps the dumb-waiter and the telephone likewise summoning. When I remember how old Parker used to roar above the hum of a hundred typewriters, how the office-boys would dash madly in and out with proofs to be O. K.'d and questions to be answered, how the telephones would clang uninterrupted, and customers would come and come and come and *come*—well, I really couldn't get excited over little lumps of dough and a chunk of beef, though in those days I sometimes wondered if my wits would last the day through.

> HERE'S *a woman who tells how she carried over into her home-making the training which she had acquired in a business office. It's a bully little story. We'd be glad to hear from some other wives who were once business women—and, being married, are still businesslike. What has your business training done for you?*
>
> THE EDITOR.

But poise is not the only thing in housekeeping any more than it is in any other undertaking. One might have the kind of poise that is blind to error—self-complacency. Definite training in specific directions has been quite as valuable to me in learning the lessons of the kettle and the broom. For example, take that important institution in an office known as a schedule. How could I, after having worked on schedule for four years, suddenly begin, in my new work, to follow the muse? Dick laughs at my typewritten list of the week's duties on the kitchen wall; but he does have his socks mended and his meals on time. It is a very simple little routine, covering the domestic duties that are necessary to make two people physically comfortable; but I like the regularity. "Oh, housework is so monotonous!" complains the business woman. True. So I reduce it to a minimum and take my variety in some other form.

Down at Parker's Advertising Agency we had to do several things at once if the occasion demanded. I never thought of answering the telephone without seizing a pencil to be correcting proof at the same time. Old Parker used to dictate to two stenographers at once, and glower significantly at his assistant meanwhile. So now I can watch the double boiler and clean my silver at the same minute—if, for example, I want to hurry off to an exhibit.

There used to be a choice bit of domestic fiction concerning the lovely young bride who had been making jelly all day—without even stopping to make the beds—when lo, in walked that inconsiderate brute, her husband, with the Influential Employer for dinner. How that girl did take on! She didn't know what to feed him; except jelly, and she hadn't the hardihood to send them to the little restaurant around the corner. So she struggled through somehow, a poor abused female. (The sequel is, however, that the great man was so taken with her charms—not her meal, you understand—that he gave the inconsiderate brute an auriferous new job.)

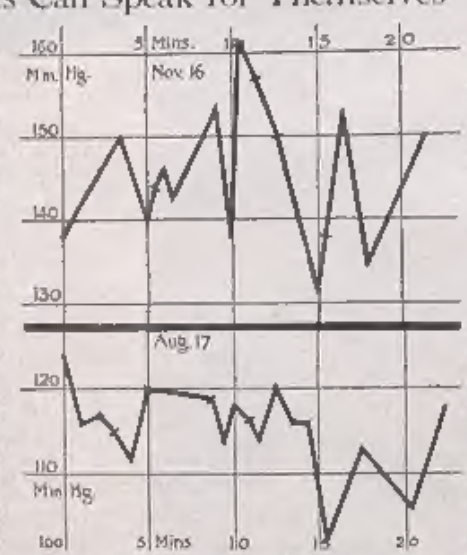
Dick brought home a fellow employee the other night, and I could not get even the slightest thrill of terror over the horrid bogey, unexpected company. I put a third plate on the table, added bacon to the four chops, carefully giving our guest two, hauled down some asparagus for salad, and the deed was done. Dick and I always eat, and if there is not enough, old King Can to the rescue, and ice cream from the drug store, served elegantly with ice-cream forks and maraschino cherries. Unexpected company is certainly nothing to get excited about, after working for the mighty and temperamental Mr. Pennywood Parker. "Unexpected" was his middle name, and "Anything Can Happen" was our office motto.

Of course, I have also a good many little business habits that make the grocer and the laundryman stare. My account books, orders, lists, bills, receipts, memoranda, are guarded as carefully and kept in as perfect order as my lingerie. I keep my recipes in a card-index file. I have sheets of calorie values tacked inside the door of my kitchen cabinet. They are in simple form, arranged by a school of domestic art. I receive the Department of Agriculture bulletins, and take many a tip from them. Being still in the novice stage, I attend department-store demonstrations of new appliances or new food preparations. I insist on the eight-hour day for my cleaning-woman. I allow myself certain household expenditures, and never exceed them.

These are little things, but they are helpful; and if I could only have carbon copies of my husband's eulogies, I'd pass them around as the final word of proof about the business girl in the kitchen. But, being a woman, I'll have the final word, and that is, no matter how far removed a business girl has been from the cook-stove and the hearth-stone, she can always learn the gentle art of domesticity, provided she has been working in a well regulated office for at least two months.

Your Arteries Can Speak for Themselves

YOU have been told often enough that hurry and worry harden your arteries and so shorten your life. But a more effective method of driving that truth home has been discovered. It is possible now for your arteries to speak for themselves, as this chart clearly shows.



The chart shows two blood-pressure diagrams, representing the maximal tension of the arteries of a typical energetic banker and business man fifty-six years old. He is retired from active affairs, but is restless, fond of automobiling, food, and comfort, possibly to some excess. In these two graphs, each square along the horizontal line represents five minutes of time; and each vertical square ten millimeters of mercury of blood-pressure. The data were secured by the new "continuous" method.

The first record was made at 10:30 P. M. on a day in November, 1916. The man's pulse was 95, which fell within half an hour to 80. He had a cold, was somewhat excited, and was obviously worried about various things. He was drinking coffee thrice or twice a day and smoking to excess.

In the eleventh minute of the upper record he thought of a worrisome business matter, with the usual quick rise in the arterial tension.

The second record, at the bottom, was made at 9 A. M. nine months later, in August, 1917. He had been visiting relatives in California, and, on the advice of physicians, had stopped all use of coffee and of tobacco, and looked, as he felt, like a rational human being who has discovered that life is a place of real comfort.

In the fifteenth minute of the lower graph the quick fall is due to the "release of some regretful ideas from the mind," whose nature is unknown to the observer.

These homobarograms tell their own story when the accompanying mental data from the man himself are fully in mind. Better habits and rest and the elimination of worry have made the subject a new man—and his arterial records show it as certainly and far more intimately and immediately than could any one thing else.

GEORGE VAN NESS DEARBORN.
Cambridge, Massachusetts.

How to Manage a Father

I HAD frequently noticed that, however little my mother took when she went on a journey, my father seemed to expect her to take less. So I concluded that daddy was the victim of a state of mind—perhaps mother was the real victim—occasioned perhaps by a time when mother might really have taken too much in the line of paraphernalia with her.

On my first trip with my father, I tested this theory. I had decided that a small steamer trunk would be ample.

The day before departure I rushed into my father's study.

"Daddy!" I exclaimed apologetically. "Could I trouble you to ring up the expressman for my trunks?"

"Trunks?" my father echoed. "Trunks? How can you possibly want—?" He stopped in utter consternation. "When you say 'trunks' you don't mean more than two?"

"Two," I assented sweetly.

"But what do you want with even two? We're going on a five days' trip a hundred miles away. You couldn't wear the contents of two trunks in five days' time."

"Yes, I know; but some special occasion may arise that may call for a special costume. You wouldn't like me to look like a frump, would you?"

"Of course not, of course not," daddy agreed. "Don't you think," he began cautiously, "that one big trunk would do? There's that old trunk of mine, the English side-leather trunk. That held everything your mother and I needed on a fortnight's trip, when you were a little girl—yes, and all your things as well."

I considered. "Perhaps," I admitted reluctantly, "I might make that do."

"Yes, yes," daddy encouraged. "It's surprising how much you can get into it. It gives, you know."

"I wonder,"—I walked to the window, looked out, and meditated,—"I wonder," I speculated, "if it would be possible for me to squeeze all my things into my steamer-trunk."

"Certainly, certainly," daddy assured me—and his tone had a quality of gratitude that was really touching. "I'll ring for the expressman," he hastened to say.

He hurried to the door, but came back and put his head in to say:

"I want to tell you, daughter, that you're going to make a good traveler. You have the right idea of the thing. No unnecessary baggage."

"And you know," I said to my mother, later, "that if I had proposed taking only a tooth-brush and an extra handkerchief, daddy would have wanted me to cut out the extra handkerchief."

The Smallest Store

Just a hole between the walls of two buildings, but it was big enough to catch the eye of an enterprising man. In another city, another man saw the space that was going to waste under the approaches to one of the city's big bridges. Thousands of other men had seen it; but he caught the idea of walling up that dark, useless space, and using it for cold storage. There are chances everywhere; it takes eyes and brains, that's all.

Photograph by Arnold Genthe.

NOTRE DAME DU BATEAU

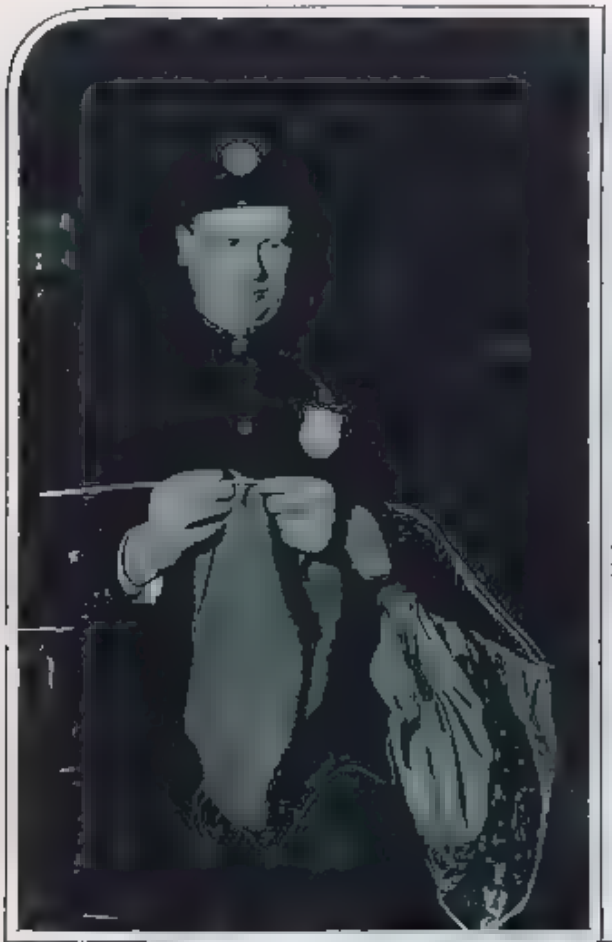
(*Maxine Elliott*)

IT must have been a débutante who christened forty the "dangerous age," for it is an age extremely dangerous to beauty of only a season or two. Aspasia married Pericles at thirty-seven, Cleopatra enraptured Anthony at forty, and Helen was whisked off to Troy at forty-eight. When the sixteen-year-old beauty of Rockland, Maine—Jessie Dermot, a sea captain's daughter—came down to New York, no one bothered much about her. She got some obscure little parts at $20 a week, and made her own clothes and looked after her young sister Gertrude. It was not till years afterward that Whistler and the world generally discovered Maxine Elliott—"the girl with the midnight eyes." At thirty-five Miss Elliott became America's first woman actor-manager, with her own theater named after her. And the years that followed were those of her greatest successes. A breath of relief rose to heaven from dozens of ambitious ingénues when Miss Elliott retired, apparently, to her beautiful home with the Forbes-Robertsons in England. And when, after the war began, she fitted out a house-boat hospital and became "Notre dame du bateau" somewhere in France, young Miss Broadway voted it a perfectly sweet way to spend one's declining years.

And then! Without warning, the stately beauty, whom Nat Goodwin once called his "Roman Senator," came back to stageland via the screen. Within the month we are to see her in "The Eternal Magdalene" (a Goldwyn production), the woman of whom a French painter says, "Her beauty resides not alone in the perfect harmony of the various parts of her body, but also in the expression of her countenance and in the mysterious and indefinable *je ne sais quoi* that emanates from her personality." Cheer up, Little Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark and all the rest! If only you are good children and work hard, perhaps some day when you are grown up you too will acquire some *je ne sais quoi!*

ANNE HERENDEEN.

DOING TH



Photograph by William Mar

THERE once was a man named Shakespeare who wrote of "the spinsters and the knitters in the sun." He is, of course, entirely out of date. While a certain amount of knitting is still done by spinsters and other members of the spinster sex, it will not be for long. In Russia women are fighting, in England munitioning, in New York and Chicago voting, in Washington hunger-striking. Some one has to take up the simple duties of wife and mother. Behold, then, on the left Postmaster William L. Myers of Toledo, relieving a woman for the front.

Photograph by Paul Thompson

CARLYLE STREIT is a lady's name—not a typographical error as you might suppose. Carlyle is the champion school-boy knitter among the eleven thousand public-school attendants of Union Hall. He is completing a regulation sweater for a soldier in France, knitting at recess time and in all other spare hours. And when he has finished the sweater he intends to start in twelve pairs of wristlets, the goal he has set for himself.

Photograph by Mary Sullivan

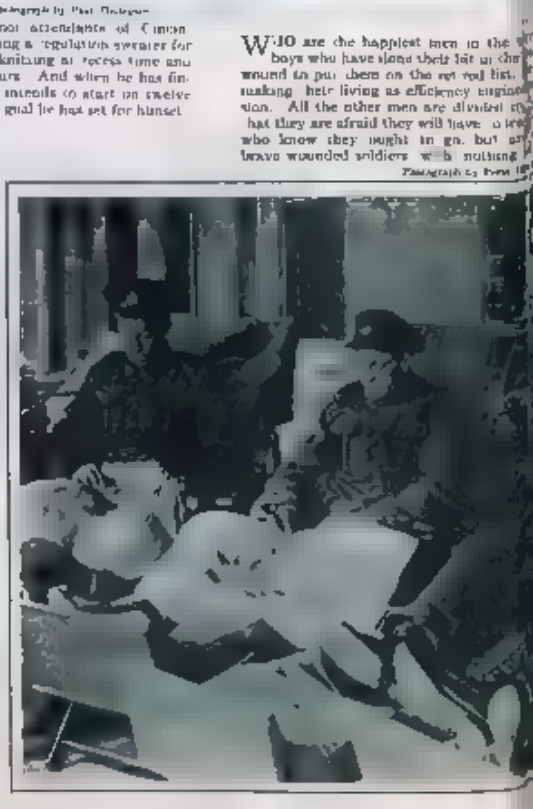
'GET your knitting done early," is the motto of Carl Quantliff of the Chicago Fire Department, "then you will have time for such other less important matters as may come up." Carl was not particular anxious to pose for this picture, which shows quite for all that the staple is the really neediest sex. We have never yet encountered a woman doing man's work, whether fighting in Russia or haranguing a street-corner crowd, who showed the least sensitiveness in the presence of the camera. Cling to your modesty, Carl. It is a quality practically extinct in the world, and some day some collector will pay you a high price for it and buy it to a museum.

Photograph from Daily Sketch

JUST to show that the knitting movement is not confined to any one section or country here is a brave fire fiddle of Brooklyn who, like the members of his profession from Toledo and Chicago shown on this page, abandons his reel. The products of his agile hands go exclusively to the sailors, he being of the opinion that too many are knitting for the sons of Mars and not enough for the sons of Neptune. "And," says he, "unless we take care of the sailors and keep them warm, how can we expect the soldiers to get across?"

WHO are the happiest men in the w boys who have done their bit in the wound to put them on the red list, making their living as efficiency engine ion. All the other men are divided in hat they are afraid they will have to k who know they ought to go, but are brave wounded soldiers with nothing

Photograph by Paul T



HEIR KNIT

Photograph from Bellingham Herald

APTER Jack Ryder gets he engine all steamed up for his daily trip out of St. Paul, he reaches down into the box under his seat and pulls out his knitting and goes to it. Jack didn't wait for the world war a couple before he took up the masculine art. He learned to knit back in the days when the rosy wrists swept across the Western prairies and mittens were in style. The other trainmen about the yards meet him with the old-time cordial greeting, "How are you, old socks?"

Photograph from Wide World

WHEN you get out of bed on the morning and find your house on fire, when you rush to the telephone and send your frantic appeal across the wires, we ask you not to be querulous if the brave boys in blue do not instantly appear. Remember that these are war times. The boys may have to wait to finish the row. What is one house more or less, compared with the danger of dropping a stitch and having the whole sweater rip out when the soldier gets it on? Who is the knitting fireman, O? Fireman Ernest Knitt of Toledo, O.

world today? Unquestionably the beaches, have received enough of a but not enough to keep them from or in some equally easy profes- home where business is so rotten it and go to the war and those afraid. How we all envy these do but sit in the sun and knit

Photograph from Kelly-Mayer

T P GIDDINGS, supervisor of music in the Minneapolis public schools, has knit, or knat, thirty-five pairs of socks since May 16. Last week so he says, he braced up and commenced to knit on the cars and at the movies and knitted a whole pair. If socks going to and from his office and at two movies. When he sees girls knitting gay things for themselves, he tells them that their soldiers will freeze to death and they will grow up to be old maids, which will serve them right.

WHENEVER a naughty little motion picture is on trial for its life before the Chicago Board of Censors, or rumors W. F. Willis is knitting, so that he may appease his conscience for taking some of the joy out of the movie fans' life. Mr. Willis always keeps his needles close at hand. Countless sweaters have gone to France from his nimble fingers; and every conference of the Movie Censors opens with "Purl two." They find knitting as quieting as the nerves after viewing the latest Theda Bara.

Photograph from Betzy Shannon

WHY DIDN'T OUR PARENTS TEACH US SOMETHING USEFUL?

SOMETIMES we wish our parents hadn't wasted so much of our youthful time teaching us to read and write. Everybody can read and write, and what does it get you? If we had put in those precious hours on the corner lot instead of at the little red school, we might have been a Napoleon Lajole. Over a stretch of twenty-one years he has averaged earnings of $5500 a year for spending two hours a day, six months of the year "working" at what other men consider play. If his folks had kept him in school he might be writing orders behind a ribbon counter. Mother, mother, how can you look us in the eye?

FREDDIE GIES'S grandmother had the right idea. Twelve years ago she bought him a stack of papers and set his little feet on the cold curbstone at a busy corner in Des Moines. Seven years later two houses were offered for sale in the residence section, and who should appear but Freddie with $5000 in nickels, pennies, and dimes. Since then he has bought a few little odd houses every year or so. Now that we've published your picture, Freddie, we'll expect to hear from you in the circulation department. The sales in Des Moines are good, but you can do still better.

"IF a river is flowing at the rate of five miles an hour, and a young man with a necktie that cost seventy-nine cents sets out in a rowboat, rowing nine miles an hour in the opposite direction, to meet a girl who is twenty-one years old, but claims to be only eighteen, what is the square on the hypothenuse?" It makes us almost bitter to think that in the years when we were solving problems like this, Ed (Pop) Geers was improving his shining hours by learning to drive a horse—an achievement that has netted him $1,176,452 in the past twenty-five years.

THREE years ago Johnny McTaggart was a messenger boy holding the International Gold Medal awarded each year to the boy making the fastest record out on a call and back to the office again. Johnny's time: 1 day, 4 hrs., 30 min.) Some weeks he made as much as $7 40. Today he is earning more than $5000 a year for nothing else in the world but riding horses. Johnny is sixteen years old, weighs ninety-five pounds, and if he had five times as much education it would only add that much to his weight and handicap him in his life work.

JOE STECHER is glad of all the book learning he has. But he wouldn't trade the grip he developed from milking cows on his father's farm in Dodge, Nebraska, for a speaking knowledge of Greek, Russian, and Hoboken. In his leisure moments on the farm he used to wrestle with his brother Anton; and at length, quite modestly, made his professional début amid much "spoofing" from the wise ones. Stecher beat every man that was pitted against him, and he now splits the wrestling promoters' profits anywhere from $2500 to $4000 for a short evening's work.

FRANK MORAN quit school early and went to selling papers. Later he was a sailor where he showed so much promise with his fists that he decided, when his enlistment expired, to go at it professionally. In October 1916, he took away $6000 for eight minutes' work, the time required to knock out Jim Coffey. In January 1916, he duplicated the feat, requiring twenty-seven minutes this time, and at a profit of $9684. After Frank accumulated a bank-roll, he entered night school, and through reading gained a very good education. Getting an education by way of the school of hard knocks, as the saying goes.

THE GOLDEN SNARE

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

service, the Royal Mounted," he said "Throw up your hands!"

The arm holding the pot of coffee shot out, and the boiling deluge hissed straight at Philip's face. He ducked to escape it, and fired. Before he could brow back the hammer of the little single-

him. The force of the attack sent them both crashing back against the wall of the cabin, and in the few moments that followed Philip blessed the providential foresight that had made him throw off his fur coat and strip

A growl like that of a bear in his throat as they went to the floor and in that death-grip Philip thought of Bram

's man was Br

brute strength was his one hope knees, he flung himself backward struck out. The blow caught his antagonist squarely in the face before he had succeeded in getting a firm clinch, and as he went backward under the force of the blow Philip exerted every ounce of his strength to make the other's hold and

you then in the half-gloom Philip missed. He put a his left that third blow, and as his head fell shot over the other's shoulder he was carried off his balance and found himself again in the clutch of his enemy's arms. This time a huge hand found his throat. To escape the certain result of two hands gripping at his throat, he took a sudden foot-lock on his adversary, flung all his weight forward, and they went the floor

NEITHER man saw the girl standing wide-eyed and terrified in the door. They rolled almost to her feet. Full in the

strange giant, and Philip's fist striking it again and again. Then she saw the giant's hands, and why he was suffering that punishment. They were at Philip's throat.

A cry rose to her lips, and the blue in her eyes darkened with a fighting fire. She darted across the room, and in an instant had a heavy stick of wood in her hands. Philip's ing hair and wh face above them. And then her club fell, and the hands at his throat relaxed.

He swayed to his feet, and with dazed eyes and a weird sort of laugh opened his

of the room. His eyes were more accustomed to the gloom, and suddenly he gave a cry of exultation. Against the mud and stone fireplace stood a rifle, and over the muzzle of this hung a belt and holster. In the holster a revolver. In his excitement and joy his breath was almost a sob as he snatched it from the holster and broke it in the light of the door. It was a big Colt forty-five—

then.

He was counting the cartridges in the belt as he fastened it about his waist. There were at least forty, two thirds of them soft-nosed rifle. The caliber was 303, and the gun was modern up to the minute. As he threw down the lever enough to let him glimpse inside the breech, he caught the glisten of cartridges ready for action. He wanted nothing more.

With the rifle in his hands, he ran past excitement pounding in his body had got beyond his power of control

one on, you devil! Come on!" he cried. And then, powerless to restrain what was in him, he let out a yell.

From the door Celie was staring at him. From her own heart welled up a cry, a revelation of that wonderful thing throbbing in her breast whic

rl

both into listening silence.

It was not far off. And it was unmistakably an answer to Philip's challenge.

AS they listened the cry came again. This time Philip caught in it a that he had not detected before. It was a challenge, but the long-drawn ma-

quiring hail of a comrade.

Another sound had drawn Celie back to the door. When she looked in, the man she had stunned with the club was mov-

her in the open door to keep watch, he set swiftly to work to make sure of their prisoner. With the *babiche* thong he had taken from his enemies, he bound him, hand and foot. A shaft of light fell full on the giant's face and naked chest where it had bare in the struggle, and was about to rise when a purplish patch of tattooing caught his eyes. He made out the almost invisible letters of a He made them out one by one— Before the surname was the

he repeated, rising to his feet. Blake—a sailor and a white

, returning to consciousness, mumbled incoherently. In the same instant Celie cried out excitedly at the door

Oo-ee, Philip—Philip! Se dat! Se! Se!

She drew back with a sudden movement pointed out of the door. Concealing himself as much as possible from outside observation, Philip peered forth. Not han a hundred and fifty yards away, a dog team was approaching. There were

from the coast. They were dragging a heavily laden sledge.

From the floor came a groan, and for an instant Philip turned to find Blake's bloodshot eyes wide open and staring at him. In that same moment Philip caught a glimpse of Celie. She too was staring—at Blake. For the first time, she Blake's face with the light full upon it. Her lips were parted, her eyes were big with amazement, and as she looked she clutched her hands convulsively at her breast and uttered a low, strange cry. At the sound of her cry Blake's eyes went to her, and for the space of a second the un ained beast on the floor and the girl looking down on him made up a tableau that held Philip spellbound.

Swift as a flash, Philip thrust the muzzle of the big Colt against his prisoner's head.

Make a sound and you're a dead man, Blake," he warned. "We need that team, and if you so much as whisper during the

floor!"

They could hear the cold creak of the sledge-runners, and a moment later the ers of many feet out in the snow. In a le leap Philip was at the door. Another,

to make him understand what was re-

Celie had caught up the rifle, and was

standing guard over Blake as if fearful that he might snap his bonds. Philip laughed joyously when he saw how quickly she understood that she was to level the rifle at the Kogmollock's breast and hold it there until he had made him a

From the floor Blake had noticed that her little white finger was pressing gently against the trigger of the rifle. It had made him shudder. It made the Eskimo cringe a bit now as Philip tied his hands behind him.

It was over inside of two minutes, and with an aid the sigh of relief she lowered her rifle. Then she leaned it against the wall and ran to Blake. From her Philip looked at Blake. The look in the prisoner's face sent a cold shiver through him. There was no fear in it. It was filled with a deep ated exultation. Then Blake

"Can't understand her," he chuckled. "Well, neither can I.

Damned funny, ain't it?

It was impossible for him to keep his eyes from shifting to the door. There was expectancy in that glance. Then his glance shot almost fiercely at Philip.

"So you're Philip Bruce of the R. N. M. P., eh? Well, you've got me, I guess, out. My name is Blake, but the C don't stand for George. If you'll cut the cord off'n my legs so I can stand up or sit down, I'll tell you someth I can't do very much damage with my hands hitched the way they are, and I can't go blowin' down, 'cause of my Adam's apple chokin' me."

Philip seized the rifle and placed it

at the door.

Wardit—and listen," he said.

He cut the thongs that bound his ankles, and Blake struggled

to his feet. When he fronted Philip, the big Cole was covering his heart.

"Now—talk!" commanded Philip. "You've brought the Eskimos down. What do you want of this gir you done with her people?"

He had never looked into the eyes of a er man than Blake.

"I isn't built to be frightened," he said, taking his time about it. "I know your little games, an I've throwed a good many bluffs of my own in my time. You're lyin' when you say you'll shoot an you know you are. I may talk and I may not. Before I make up my mind I'm going to give a bit of brotherly advice. Take that

alone. Understand? *Alone*. Leave the gir here. It's your one chance of missing what happened to

He grinned and shrugged his huge shoulde

"You mean Anderson, Olaf Anderson and the others up at Bathurst Inlet?" questioned Philip cholmely.

Blake nodded.

Philip wondered if the other could hear he pounding of his heart. He had dis ered in this moment what the Depar ment had been trying to learn for two years. It was this man Blake—who was

mollocks, and responsible for the growing criminal record of the natives along Coronation Gulf. And he had just confessed himself the murderer of

His finger trembled for an

Blake's eyes gleamed as he saw what he thought

Philip had judged his man, and now he

prayed for the precious minutes in which to play out his game.

"Maybe you're right, Blake," he said hesitatingly. "I think, after her ence with Bram Johnson, that she is a ing to return to her father. Whe

Blake made no effort to disguise his eagerness. In the droop of Philip's shoulder, the laxness of the hand that held the revolver, and the change in Blake saw in his captor an app he was in. A glimpse face, turned for an gave weight to his

"He's down the Coppermine—and hundred miles. So Bram Johnson—

His eyes were a sudden blaze of fire.

"Took care of her until your little tats waylaid him on the trail an him," interrupted Philip. Blake. You be square with me and I'll be square with you. Te me who she is, a why you haven't killed her father, and what you're goin

ke leaned forward until Philip felt rat of his breath.

"What do I want of her?" he demanded slowly. "Why, if you'd been five years without sight of a white woman, an' then woke up one morning to meet an angel *her* on the train two thousand miles nowhere, what would you want of I was stunned, plumb stunned, or I'd her then. And after that if t en for that devil with his

team run away with her just as you were about to get her into your hands,

all a mystery to her. I don guessed the truth even now. How the devil did you do it? Playing the friend stunt, eh? And keeping yourself in the background while your Kogmollocks did the work? Was that it?

Blake nodded. His face was darkening as he looked at Philip, and the light in his eyes was changing to a deep and steady glare. In that moment Philip had failed to keep the exultation out of his voice.

In that interval Philip spoke.

"If I never sent up a real prayer to God before, I'm sending it now, Blake," he said. "I'm thanking Him that Bram Johnson had a soul in his body in spite of his warped brain and his misshapen car- I now I'm going to keep my not going to lose another min-

You— you mean

"No, you haven't guessed it. We're not going over the barren. We're going back to that cabin on the Coppermine, and you're going with us. Do I make myself clear? I'll shoot you deader than a salt mackerel the instant one of your little murderers shows up on the trail. So tell this owl-faced heathen here to spread the glad tidings when his brothers come in and spread it good. Quick about it. I'm not bluffing now."

IN Philip's eyes Blake saw his match —and more. For three quarters of a he talked swiftly to the Es Philip knew that he was giving the Kogmollock definite instructions as to the manner in which his rescue must be accomplished. But he knew also that Blake would emphasize the fact that it must be in open attack, no matter how numerous his followers might be.

He hurried Blake through the door to the sledge and team. The sledge was heavily laden with the meat of a fresh caribou kill, and from the quantity of flesh he dragged off into the snow Philip surmised that the cabin would very soon be the rendezvous of a small army of Eskimos. Retaining only a single quarter of this, he made Celie comfortable and turned his attention to Blake. With *babiche* cord he re-secured his prisoner with the "manacle-hitch," which gave free play of one hand and arm left. Then he secured the Eskimo's whip, and gave it to Blake.

he Co

What I Think About My Parents

WE *will pay $15 for the best 500-word letter that we publish on the subject "What I think about my parents."*

of The moment I see a sign of anything wrong, you're a dead man!"

And you—are a fool," growled Blake. Good God, what a fool!"

"Drive—and shut up!"

Blake snapped his whip and gave a short, angry command in Eskimo.

"Blake's right—I'm a fool," Philip heard now at close range in a low voice that thrilled him to the very depths of her. "I'm a fool for risking you, sweetheart. By going the other way I'd have you forever. Maybe you don't realize what we're doing by turning back to that father of yours. Do you?"

She smiled.

And maybe when we get there we'll find him dead," he added. "Dead or alive, everything is up to Blake now, and I must help me watch him."

They were following the trail already made by the sledge-laden sledge, and the direction was northwest. It was evident that Blake was heading in the right direction, and Philip believed that it would be but a short time before they would strike the Coppermine.

Where the forest thinned out and the edge of the barren crept in, Philip ran at Celie's side; but when the timber thickened and possible hiding places for their enemies appeared in the trail ahead, he was always close to Blake, with the Colt held openly in his hand. At these times Celie watched the back trail. For three-quarters of an hour they had followed the single sledge trail, when Blake suddenly gave a command that stopped the dogs. Blake pointed toward the timber. Out of it was coming a dark column of creatures.

It's up to you," he said coolly to Philip. "Our trail crosses through [illegible] and you see the [illegible] to get there. [illegible] Now we go on [illegible] they'll [illegible] Up is a bloodthirsty [illegible] cutthroat. I don't want that bullet [illegible]

For back in Blake's eyes lurked a certain that Philip did not like.

[illegible]

"Brant, that's just one of Up's [illegible] If you go on to the cabin we're [illegible] [illegible] after you before the day is over, and they'll [illegible] you whether you kill me or not. Give me the gun—and you in one [illegible] [illegible] with the team."

"We're going on," replied Philip, meeting the other's gaze steadily. "You know your people murderers, Blake. If any one can get past them without being seen, it's you. And you've got to do it. I'll kill you if you don't. The Eskimo may get us after that, but they won't harm her. Understand?"

With a grunt and a shrug of his shoulders, Blake started up the dogs with a crack of his whip, and struck out at their head dog's.

After a long silence Blake suddenly pointed ahead over an open plain and said:

"There is the Coppermine."

A CRY from Celie turned his gaze from the broad white crack of ice that was the Coppermine, and as he looked she pointed eagerly toward a huge pinnacle of rock that rose like an oddly placed cenotaph out of the unbroken plain.

"She's telling you that Bram Johnson [illegible] for this way," Blake chuckled. "Bram was a fool—like you."

He seemed not to expect a reply from Philip, but urged the dogs down the slope into the plain. Fifteen minutes later they were on the surface of the river.

Philip watched Blake [illegible] [illegible] but [illegible] deeper in [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] unconscious of that increasing watchfulness. He increased his speed. They were [illegible] side by side when he suddenly laughed. There was an unmistakable irony in his voice when he said:

"It's funny, Brant, that I should like you, isn't it? A man who's stolen your [illegible] and is with you. I guess it's because I'm so cussed sorry for you. You're heading straight for the gates of hell, an' they're open wide open."

"And you—"

This time Blake's laugh was harsher. "I don't count—now," he said. "I guess you're thinking I can hold Up's tribe back. Well, I can't—not when you're getting this far up in these country. If we split the difference, and you gave me *her*, Up would meet me half way. God, but you've spoiled a nice dream!"

"A dream?"

Blake uttered a command to the dogs.

"Yes—more'n that. I've got an igloo up there even finer than Up's—all built of whalebone and slup's timbers. Think of her in that, Brant—with me! That's the dream you smashed!"

And her father—and the others—

"Don't you know how these Kogmolnuck heathen look on a father-in-law?" he asked. "He's sort of w'ship' delegate over the whole bloomin' family. A god with two legs. The others? Why, we killed them. But Up and his heathen wouldn't see anything happen to the old man when they found I was going to take the girl. That's why he's alive up there in the cabin now—and what a mess you're heading into, Brant. And I'm wondering, after you kill me and they kill you, who'll have the girl? There's a half-breed in the tribe, she'll probably go to him. The heathen themselves don't give a flip for women, you know. So it's certain to be the half-breed."

For several hours after this brief bit of talking, Blake made no effort to resume the conversation, nor did he show any desire to answer Philip when the latter spoke to him. A number of times it struck Philip that he was going the pace that would tire out both man and beast before night.

By three o'clock in the afternoon they were thirty-five miles from the camp in which Blake had become a prisoner. At that distance they had traveled through a treeless barren without a sign of life. It was between three and four when they began to strike timber once more. In places the spruce and banksian [illegible] thickened until they formed dark walls of forest; and whenever they approached these patches Philip commanded Blake to take the middle of the river. The width of the stream was a comforting protection. From the possible ambuscades they passed only a rifle could be used effectively; and whenever there appeared to be the possibility of that danger Philip traveled close to Blake, with the revolver in his hand. The crack of a rifle, even if the bullet should find its way home, meant Blake's life.

For an hour before the gray dusk of Arctic night began to gather about them, Philip began to feel the effect of their strenuous pace. Since middle afternoon the dogs had dragged at times in their traces. Blake alone seemed tireless.

At six o'clock when they entered a country that was mostly plain, with a [illegible] fringe of timber along the [illegible]. They had raced for nine hours, and had traveled fifty miles. It was here, in a wide reach of river, that Philip gave the command to halt.

His first caution was to secure Blake hand and foot, with his back resting against a frozen snow hummock a dozen paces from the sledge. The fire he built was small, and concealed as much as possible by the sledge. Ten minutes sufficed to cook the meat for their supper. Then he stamped out the fire, fed the dogs, and made a nest of bearskins for himself and Celie, facing Blake.

In the darkness he drew Celie close up into his arms. Her head lay on his breast. He buried his lips in the smothering sweetness of her hair, and her arms crept around his neck. Even then he did not take his eyes from Blake.

After a little he observed that Blake's head was drooping upon his chest, and that his breathing had become deeper. And Celie, nesting on his breast, was soon in slumber. He alone was awake—and watching.

And then Philip found himself fighting, fighting desperately to keep awake. Again and again his eyes closed, and he forced them open with an effort. Two hours were gone when, for the twentieth time, his eyes shut open and he looked at Blake. The outlaw had not moved. His head hung still lower on his breast, and again slowly—irresistibly—exhaustion closed Philip's eyes.

Suddenly his eyes opened, and he stared in a dazed way toward Blake. The night was still. A dozen paces from him was the snow hummock.

But Blake—Blake!

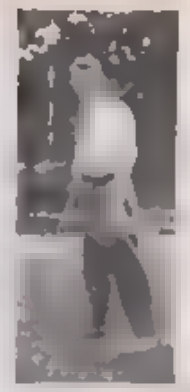
His heart leaped into his throat.

Blake was gone.

To be concluded next week.

"The force of the attack sent them crashing to the floor. Neither saw the girl standing in the door."

Here Ends
Nothing Else Matters



This is Conrad Richter, the man who wrote it. He has been a railroad man and a newspaper, and numerous other things and president of a publishing company, and a successful writer

it one morning, in the book these forty tickets ce if the cars are on Can you clean them up

abrupt and hard as a near-by clap of thunder, but deeper and heavier. seem from the ground, rocked the office. Dick and his companions glanced dumbly at each other and hurried to the door. A pall of smoke was sifting down near Number Seven ladder.

After a moment's stare the other bookers started to run. Dick thought they merely intended circling around to get a better view of what had happened. He inched to follow, but rem tickets. He looked back few. He ran to his table ting down, he kept hurriedly scribbled away. They went fast. was just one more line cond, nearer explosion. He straightened up in The next mom

walls of the little office, together wit roof, seemed to lift from their fasten and then fall upon him.

I

rearm, and ead just where the h gan. Every ment he expected to hear arm or ankle crack feel the bones of head give away. The only things he could stir were his eyes, his raw and tongue, and his right hand.

Up to this time the air he had been able to suck up into his nostrils had been hot but pure. Now he began to smell a rich seasoned smoke like oak in and a dry pungent something like the Fourth of July. And darkness, a dull red reflection flickered from somewhere before his eyes. He wondered how soon the fire would get to him. Then a growing numbness in his head and body overtook him.

oo at the up ed stock of letter P painted in face, stood upright n the mid n few feet away, like a javelin thrown there by a The ta dry grass and goldenrod farther, but he could see the right, and great ...ulses of smoke pouring up from about center of the yard. He twisted his neck so he could see the person who ad a hand on his forehead. It was Scott, hatless, coatless, his white shirt aked with soot.

"What happened?" asked Dick weakly, to smile.

"They cut off one car of high explosives too many. They dropped it down on Number Seven, the only track I had open where the car could stand by itself. But the rider didn't get it stopped on Number Seven. He says its brakes wouldn't take hold. It went plumb through the ladder into a flat loaded with bridge iron.

"Jimmy!" whispered Dick.

"A beam of bridge iron stove in the end of the box-car. The bulge of d mite did the rest. A car of black powder the night people had dropped down was standing on Number Four, and two more on Number Two. Those four cars didn't do a thing to the yard—smashed things up all the way from the running track to ...iteen ladder. The two cars on Number Two were what hit you. The office is about a barrelful of ashes."

Dick's face was grave.

"But can I say to you for getting me out—"

"Not much to me," said Scott. "I was away down on Twenty-eight when the first crack came. Till I got half way u the third one had happened, and when got to where the office used to be, I saw it was knocked half way over to the ditch nearly as flat as a pancake. Right in there, pulling up burning boards with her bare hands, was Rhoda. The boys said she came running up just before me. They told her they thought you were still in. Then they said she jumped in the ditch and ducked water all over herself before they could get...but she we the first. The rest of us followed. But she had got to you when we got there, and we were only good to carry you out."

Dick twisted his neck, trying vainly to find her.

"She isn't here," explained Scott. "Doc Metzger said you were all right except for bunging you up a bit and singe... eyebrows and some of your ook her up at his machine to nds. Where she took hold of ...boards they look like frize...

"I never told you, Mr. Scott," he announced trumblingly, "But I love your daughter. She's the most wonderful girl ld, just like my mother wa aster was sober e girl went through hel. for ced it ...nat." Dick

To a day or two Dick heard a persistent rur that Scott was going to be prosed by the railroad company for criminneglect in handling high explosives y to rules. When the assistant yard-master left on Sixty-nine for the vestigation in the general manager's office at Reading, Dick said nothing. But he hobbled to the Rutherwood bank, and then hobbled to the yellow Scott house. Eleven he and Rhoda went

M ...berel eyes. Inside, Carso

going to sit down here a few if we may," said Dick in a voice, paying no further attention Carson, who backed to his desk once ra...ds.

DICK had chosen chairs from which they could look into his father's privoffice. Through the doorway the backs of five or six men were visible. Dick saw Hocking, the Harrisville division superintendent, another man who was probably t erwood yard-masters. Nearly all we smoking. The big broad desk of the general manager was partially in view, but the man behind it could not be seen, cept for a hand which ar dered restlessly across the desk.

For nearly half an hour Dick listened to the report of the division superintendent, whom the yard-masters, excepting Scott, would from time to time interrupt to amend or agree with. Quietly Scott sat in his chair, a red spot burning in the cheek turned toward the door. At last he was a throaty cigar cough.

"...seems to me, Scott, that for letting your men cut off cars of high explosives as well as letting them place such cars on tracks with any sort of car all contrary distinct rulings, mere discharge would be rather light for you, especially so since I understand that you contemplate leaving the company's employ. Can you give reasons why this company should not institute criminal suit against you?"

Scott got to his feet slowly. Dick could still see the flush in the cheek turned toward them.

"It never sounded well to me," pleaded the assistant yard-master, "for a man to exonerate himself by blaming others. Perhaps Mr. Whitman or Mr. Olsen or Mr. Leffler will explain what I mean."

The three men referred to looked up coolly.

"I think Mr. Hocking covered the subject thoroughly," stated Whitman.

"I can't think of anything else," said

...the general manager to Scott. ...cheek had gone a dull white. ...but at present I have nothing to ...," he said quietly, sitting down.

THE next moment Dick jumped to his feet and hobbled into the room, closthe door behind him. ...He was no...

His father ha...rose from his chair in Then he sank back nervously

...quested. His mouth twitched ...ice.

"I know," said Dick warmScott never placed ...explosives anywhere except itself. Instead he kicked fo...high explosives against a car or prop ...e one within a steel underframe. ...at's utterly ridiculous," snorted

"The cond...s books on the bump will prove it," said Dick.

No one answered that.

"I also know," he went on, "th Scott has been with this company he has tried to get the chief day rd-master to stop the night and day off. He ...started ...Dick cut him off.

"I also know that when this man Scott me to Rutherwood from the W. & N. ree years ago, he told Whitman the yard t to have the very changes that Whitman a couple months ago gave you as if they were his own—the plans he's to oted for. They were good enough ...man when you sent word that

own business, which was to run the Eastbound yard.

"For three years these men who call themselves yard-masters have been letting an average of ten crews be held up in the yard for an hour apiece every twenty-four hours. Count two dollars and a quarter an hour for the crew, and a hundred dollars for the tie-up of your engine and cars, and multiply it by three years, and you have *one million one hundred and twenty thousand dollars*—what these three yard-masters turned their backs on saving for the company that paid them to work for it.

"I respectfully agree that criminal suit be started against somebody, but the name should be changed from W. K. Scott to Walter Whitman, the chief day yard-master at the Rutherwood yard."

...ou must not take this boy seriously, Mr. Farr," declared Whitman, rising to

...stood up, and the men turned to go. ...air in the outer office," whispered ...r tell anything to ...remember."

Scott nodded bewilderedly. As the lurch clicked behind him, Dick took a package of Rutherwood bank bills from his inside pocket and laid it in front of father on the big desk.

"I'...

looked soberly at the floor. "...don't know whether you're interested in me now ...you know I found you were right about getting mother's kind of a girl."

The general manager of the Eastern Railroad laid down his cigar and silently ...ed his son's hand.

"...ve got her, too," Dick added. "You know you told me it didn't matter if she ...cured or spruce or ate with her knife or drank coffee out of her saucer or never saw the inside of a school a day in her l...

...othing else matters very much," he said steadily. "You can help the other things right."

"She's out here now," declared Dick softly. "I'll bring her in. You won't be ashamed, no matter how she dresses or ta...ks?"

"If you're sure she would go through hell for you. I know I'll be proud of her," said his father firmly.

"...n't have to be sure. She's already *gone* through hell for me," said Dick. Then he told his story.

W...lhoda came in, the general of the Eastern Railroad ...r well set head, her quiet

...nk you, the bra...e Eastern."

...bar this ...

Wait a Day or Two Before Mailing Your Complaint

Mail trains, like freight and passenger trains, are often late these days. It's ...ately and write to us if your copy of EVERY WEEK does not arrive at the hour when you expect it. Wait twenty-four hours, or better forty-eight. The chances are that it's safely on its way to you, but delayed by the enormous pressure of traffic incident to the war.

What Aunt Abbie Has Coming

By SEWELL FORD

"WELL, Miss?" says I, throwin' it over me shoulder sort of crisp and important.

Not that I was tryin' to be any more

You'd 'most think, with a sign on the in big black letters, that women'd have better sense than to come crashin'

funds, or huntin' for Mme Riley-Rivers, whose place is across the

as quick as they dodge in, mostly without stoppin' to explain, specially if Swifty happens to be leanin' around the front office in his low-cut g

Not this one, though. Instead of pannicky, or eve ay hail, she stands t

and a neck like a turkey. Maybe she wasn't six feet, but she didn't lack much of it. Her cheek-bones are kind of pro nent, likewise her upper front teeth, and the othe

At that she comes out of the spell. "How do I find Mr. Zabel?" she demands. And say, hearin' this deep, full voice come from

"I know," says she. "And I suppose he is in there somewhere. But how does one get past that frowzy-headed person in the outer room?"

I hunches my shoulders careless. by me," says I. "What I don't about theatrical

tral and Mr. Abe Zabel in p

I've always understood, though, that they were shy birds. And as that's the limit of my valuable in way.

Here I waves invitin' towards the fresh air.

She hadn't come in to be shunt with a mere wave of the hand. She only steps up nearer the desk.

"You're Professor McCabe, aren't you?" she asks.

"You've guessed it," says I.

"Then, with rooms right on the next floor to his," she goes on, "you ought to know of some way that I could get to see him."

"Young lady," I protests, "didn't I— name," she cuts in.

"Pansy Tuttle.

Course that chokes off the sarcastic remark I was about to spring. I she says it quiet and easy enough, some way she makes you stop and listen to her.

"Oh, yes," says I. "Pansy Tuttle, eh? You did say Pansy, didn't you?"

She nods.

"Hollyhock would have suited better, I suppose," says she, "but I was quite small when they chose Pansy." Smile. I'm quite used to it.

"I've spent near in touch with Mr and now somebody must help."

"But why me?" says I.

"Why not you?" asks Pansy.

That brings out a mocker from Swifty.

"Young lady—" says I.

"Well, then, Miss Tuttle," I begins again, "maybe it didn't occurred to you might have something better to do

mouflage," says I.

"If you mean you're only pretending not to be busy, you do it very we," she. "But surely it wouldn't take you long to suggest here!" says I to see you, I can't think of any way you can make sure."

"Then," says Miss Tuttle, settlin' back in chair, "I shall wait here until

"Wha-a-a-at!" I gasps.

"Oh, you will have a splendid idea presently," says she.

"Say, what is this, a siege?" says I.

She nods and favors me with a qu smile. It's about as folksy and chummy a smile as I ever saw executed. And say, when she does it that face of hers changes you'd hardly know her for the

s job with him,

ike

o," says Miss Tuttle. "Mr. Zabel ging people for a new musical re-

"You—you do?" says I, gawpin' at her.

as much like a chorus girl rehearsin' as a un like a lounge lizard. She's the kind that

from, anyway?

"Colusset," says she.

that case you can be home by

I've left Colusset forever," says she. "I came to New York to go on the stage, and I

he don't say it cocky or brag

How a 23 Year Old Boy Earns $15,000 a Year

A Lesson in Fortune Making

By James C. Rhodes

This is the remarkable story of a mere boy who jumped from a salary of $20 a week two years ago to earnings now of $15,000 a year. There is nothing remarkable about him he is just an ordinary boy, fond of fun, mild mannered, soft spoken, pleasing in appearance. He had only an ordinary education, no capital to start with and was not presented with an opportunity ready-made. Moreover, he achieved his success in a city of 20,000 people, where most other young men said "I'm going to New York—there's no chance for me in this town."

Two years ago this young man went into business for himself. In six months he lost every penny he had saved and about a thousand dollars which he borrowed. He secured a position at $20 a week and began to think about his failure. As is usual in cases like this, he blamed everything and everybody, except himself.

One day in his new position he was confronted with a proposition that had to be accepted or rejected at once. Deep down in his heart he knew his employer would approve of the decision he was about to make, and since only a small sum of money was involved, there was no great risk. *But he took no action.*

Upon his employer's return, the young man was shown wherein he was wrong in not accepting the responsibility of making the decision he knew was right. "It isn't the money," said his employer, "for it is only a small amount but I like people around me who can decide things for themselves. I would rather have one man who made mistakes by *trying to help* the company, than to have ten men who never made mistakes, because they *never at tempted* anything. The trouble with you is that you have no real *spunk*—you have no will of your own—you depend on others too much."

That was the one thing th to know. He realized s alled previously in busi being held back now because he w every business man he met. He *expected* to be turned down whenever he wanted anything and he was. He had no nerve. He was easily swayed by every glib talker.

He realized, for the fi not strong enough to p give him the power of definite ac action. He realized that heretofore he gave up too easily; he had allowed obstacles to turn him from his purpose instead of overcoming them. From that time on he became a changed person. He began to assert himself; he began to make

handed to him.

In a short time he left his position to again go into business for himself. During the first year earned $10,000. During 1917 his earnings thus far at least $15,000.

This is just one case where the tremendous power of the human will has proven to be the greatest

Interesting and inspiring are several other cases that have come to my personal attention, because the same methods are open to us all no matter how

One is that of a man who was $6,000 in debt three years ago. Since then he has accumulated $200,000 without speculating and today is earning $,000 a week. He is only one of many who frankly credit their good fortune to Prof. Frank Channing Haddock and his very remarkable book "Power of Will." Another is a young man who worked in a big factory. One day he met Mr. W. N. Taylor, the noted efficiency expert, who advised him to read "Power of Will." He did so, applied himself to the training of his will, and in less than one year his salary was increased to more than eight times what he had been earning.

Then there is the case of C. D. Van Vechten, General Agent of the Northwestern Life Insurance Company. After his first examination of Prof. Haddock's methods and lessons in will power development, as published in "Power of Will," he told the author that they would be worth $3,000 to $30,000 to him.

Another man, Dr. H. D. Ferguson, residing in Hot Springs, Ark., increased his earnings from $40 a week to $150 a week in a remarkably short space of time after he began the study of will training. Will power training by Haddock's system has enabled thousands to conquer drink and other vices almost overnight—has helped overcome sickness and nervousness—has transformed unhappy envious, discontented people into dominating personalities filled with the joy of living.

In this new book Prof. Haddock, whose name ranks with Bergson, James, and Royce in the scientific world, has given to the world for the first time a practical, simple system of rules and exercises for will power training that has completely revolutionized the lives of thousands of people. For the will is just as susceptible to exercise and training as any muscle of the body.

"Power of Will" is being distributed by the Pelton Publishing Co. of Meriden, Conn. Any reader who cares to examine the book may do so without sending any money. If, after five days, you do not feel that this book is worth the $3 asked for it, return it and you will owe nothing.

Some few doubters will scoff at the idea of will power being the key to wealth and achievement. But intelligent men and women will investigate for themselves by sending for the book at the publisher's risk.

Among the 225,000 owners who have read, used, and praised "Power of Will" are such prominent men as Supreme Court Justice Parker, Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador, Lieut.-Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska, Assistant Postmaster-General Britt, General Manager Christeson of Wells-Fargo Co., E. St. Elmo Lewis, Governor Arthur Capper of Kansas, and thousands of others equally prominent.

As a first step in will training, act on your present impulse to write a letter or address this coupon to the Pelton Publishing Company, 100-A Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. This one act may mean the turning point of your life. Do not hesitate.

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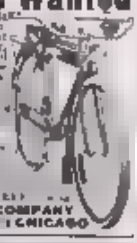

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WANTED-YOUR IDEA

"'Huh!' says Zubel. 'Good! Very good. Now, that tautness from the side of your mouth again.'"

gy's jaws states it quiet and determined, like she was tellin' cook how she'd have her eggs.

"Listens like you meant it," says I. "Are you always like that?"

" I " says she.

knows," says she. "I have been told that

from Plymouth colony in sixteen seventy something for taking off his boots in

l cated for the law; but after using his first case he never went into Instead, he started up to m locksmith and bell-hang

there in defiance of the selectmen, who tried to make him paint it out. And I

" I'm a Turtle, you see."

"You got But why not tackle something easy? Why get the chorus-girl bug?"

Pansy shrugs her shoulders.

she. It 's well, if you must know, it

lly, that leaves me with my Miss Turtle goes up to ex- his Aunt Abbie was some one been livin' with ever since she was

little afternoon gatherings for tea and cake and gossip. I was dished up—oh, yes, rather entertainingly, I admit. 'Yes,' Aunt Abbie would end up with, when Pansy gets too old to sing in the choir or in the old house here, and sell braided rugs

bathe bayberry candles. I may have to while there's any hope of escape. I've gotten this far, anyway. I'm supposed to have given Aunt Abbie and all her friends k about until aws ache. So there!"

is straightens back in her chair, she the ugly brown plaid dress over her knees in long angles, and gives me another of them quirky smiles.

"Miss Turtle," says I, "I get you. You're out to hand Auntie a jolt, and I guess jumpin' from a church choir into the chorus would do the trick. And all I got to say is, go to it."

"Thank you, Mr McCabe," says she

"Still. I adds, "I don't see how I can abel. Honest, I don't.

For, if you don t mind my sayin' so, you

"Perhaps," says she. "But I want him to hear what I have to say first. It wouldn't hurt him to listen, would it

"That's reasonable enoug

with about as much hair on it. He spots Pansy, sittin' over there by the desk, right off the bat. And just from one glance at the back of her head he seems to work up

" says he, cockin' his head to one side "You want to see me, Professor

too? They all got one. "Yes, even the her, eh?"

"The one with the frizzly hair?" says I.

rours Abe, explosive. "I enough. Werner knows. I was bothered. I tell you"

With that he turns for a quick But Swifty Joe is quicker. He pu back again into him

"One sale, low-brow!" snaps Abe.

"Ah, why the pause, old slate-roof says Swifty, glarin' down at him come, ain't yer? Can't yer st out for the lady a minute

AT which Pansy catches her cue, ri joints herself into her full five feet ten and joins the grou

Abe stares at her bug-eyed all the dope is of her build

then rough Zubel specialty worker! Ilin' his eyes and

If he asks why I gave him one of them nobody home looks of yours and do a repeat. Get me?"

Swifty grins, which is a sure sign he's roomin' for Pansy

SET States back he comes, rowin' Mr Abe Zubel. For a party who has his name printed as conspicuous on the bill-boards, Abe ain't impressive to view. There's only about five feet one of him up and down, and a little less from east to west.

Venus? Hey. You'd be a joke

"Aren't you looking for jokes?" she asks. "It strikes me that as a diving Venus I

With that she hunches up one shoulder sticks her long arms out awk her reverse-English smiles.

And I'll bet that Zubel h mself couldn't tell you now what crisp come-back he was about to counter with. For he never got it out. Just then we hears this splutt tery, choky sound over by the door

registerin' mirth. Pansy had scored her first hit.

Another thing I've heard about Abe Zubel is that he's the sportiest plunger of the whole producin' bunch. I forget whether it's four or five really new acts that have been tried out in musical shows durin' the past ten years. Anyway, they credit Abie with havin' been the first to take a chance on most of 'em. He may be no mental Colossus, but he's a shifty thinker. Them restless little shoe-button eyes of his flashes back and forth between Swifty and Miss Turtle only a couple of times before he's made the connection.

"Hah!" says he. "Hold it! Now, that business from the side of your mouth again. Good! Very good! It would get over. Yes. But it would be in the wrong place. It isn't a funny song."

"That's too bad, isn't it?" says Pansy.

"No!" snaps Zubel. "It don't matter. Not at all. The words— Bah! We can make 'em funny. The music, too. It's only the costumes that cost, and they're all ordered. But see here: can you sing?"

"I make my living that way," says Pansy.

"Let's hear," demands Zubel. "Oh, anything—la-la-la."

She's right there with the vocal stuff, Miss Turtle. And with a speedy performance, too. Never even plays for an openin', but takes him ar his word and proceeds to trill out the la-la-la's, trippin' light across the floor as she does it, and almost throwin' Swifty into another convulsion by that burlesque finish of hers.

"Fine!" roars Zubel, clappin' his fat hands. "We'll have that Venus song changed to a comic, and we'll use it to close the second act. You'll do it in black silk Annettes, as a solo, with forty show girls in white as a background, and if it ain't a sure-fire skonkum, then I don't know a pinochle deck from a cheese sandwich. Come! I want you to meet Mr. Werner."

AND say, I guess Abie's picked another winner. The other day he breezes in with this bulletin about the try-out in Troy.

"Honest," says Abie, tappin' me enthusiastic on the chest, "she's a female De Wolf Hopper. Funny! Why, they begin to laugh so soon as she comes on. And they never stop. I've got to fill in a week in Boston with her, and then—Broadway for a two-year run."

"Boston first, eh?" says I. "But say, does she really wear them—er—that—"

"Wait!" says Abie. "I'll send you down the new two-sheet of her in costume. It's a perfect likeness."

Swifty Joe was stretchin' his neck over my shoulder when I unrolled the poster.

"Swifty," says I, doin' it up hasty, "run out and get me a map of Massachusetts."

"Map?" says he. "What's the idea?"

"Why," says I, "seein' how Pansy's doin' her own name and all makes it interestin' to locate Aunt Abbie. I want to see how near Tremont Street this Cohasset place is."

Yes, we saw. Just a trolley ride out. And now I'm figurin' if it wouldn't be worth while takin' the trip, just on the chance of spottin' Auntie at a matinée.

New Hope for Middle Age

Concluded from page 5

that the percentage is not worth considering. The causes that I have to consider most often are ignorance of the value of a dollar, the curse of following the will-o'-the-wisp of politics, physical ills, the garrulous boss, domestic troubles,—particularly ungrateful sons and daughters who had been depended on in trouble,—the lack of keeping abreast of the times, and the *scourge of a timid heart.*"

The scourge of a timid heart! It is Mr. Gannon's phrase for the greatest difficulty he has to combat. It is because this Employment Bureau of the Employers' Association of Chicago, under his direction, sets itself so definitely to fight that scourge, and is so successful in its struggle, that its work is winning the widest report. Many individuals and many corporations have philanthropically given work to men past forty-five; but none of which I have heard has made the regulated, systematic, successful effort of this bureau to raise the morale of men past their youth.

As soon as a discouraged or despairing man enters the door of the offices—indeed, before he is well in—he sees before him a stanza of Mr. Gannon's, printed in large letters that the dimmest eye can read:

> Smile through all your weary and pain,
> *Brace up!* You have not lived in vain
> Hold yourself with a strong, tight rein;
> Say to yourself, "*I'm young again.*"

The 72-Year-Old Bookkeeper Gets a Job

IT is impossible here, of course, even to outline any considerable number of individual experiences of men placed by the Employers' Association of Chicago; but it is possible to say that there has been a great scattering of the scourge of the timid heart—the timid heart of the employer afraid to try out an old man as well as the timid heart of the man who has lost confidence in himself after many rebuffs; and the figures, which speak for themselves, show that every one is probing.

One concern that employed a 72-year-old bookkeeper sent by the bureau—and did it first in a spirit of philanthropy—soon wrote in that the man had installed new systems of such decided merit that they were raising his salary. Another large company, employing thousands of men, volunteers its "desire to express satisfaction and appreciation for the character of applicants for employment you have sent. We will, in the future, give special and preferred attention to all you send over to us."

The next sheet in the files is a letter from a concern employing a night force of thirty-five stock and freight shifters which gave great trouble and were constantly quitting work until the concern, sending in a requisition for a new superintendent, found the man among the unemployed over forty-five.

There is reason for the morale of men, though past forty-five and unemployed, improving! And there never was a time when all people—the general public as well as employers—had as great a stake as now in further raising that morale everywhere. "As a man thinks, so is he." Make a man think he is down and out if he has not succeeded at a certain age, and you certainly make it extremely difficult for him to succeed. It is the truest of truisms that we are embarrassed by a labor shortage, and that the whole world faces a man famine after the war.

We can not further call upon our youth to make up the shortage without further sacrificing the future. We are calling out our women to a greater and greater degree. With the proper restrictions, that undoubtedly is good. But one of the greatest advantages that may yet accrue from the present situation may be the discovery and the full utilization of the work of men who have come to think of themselves as "through" because we have been ignorant or careless enough to think them so—the tens and hundreds of thousands of men past their youth who are either not employed at all or who have been put at employment inferior to their real strength and capacities. There is gain and advancement not only for them but for all who will merely believe in the ability of men to go far forward even after forty-five!

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SON, this is your chance. Start an EVERY WEEK route in your own neighborhood. *Start now!* Talk it over with your parents so they will understand what you want to do.

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Tell me how I can cash in on my spare time—without interfering with my knitting.

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THE EDITOR ANSWERS

FIVE or six weeks ago New York woke up to find itself deluged by the hardest rain of years. Garage roofs blew off; houses that had never leaked before leaked good and plenty; and no sort of protection could keep a man really dry.

Of the men in the city who could "afford to take things a bit easier," as the saying goes, I venture to guess that ninety per cent looked out of the window and decided that it was a very good day to take things just that way. I managed to get down to work after a while, and at luncheon time scurried across to a little restaurant near the office. And we had hardly seated ourself before there arrived another young man, with white flowing whiskers. I looked up and discovered Dr. Lyman Abbott.

I thought, as I looked at him, of the article which he wrote for this magazine on being young and well at fourscore. I remembered that he said in it that, even now, he had a great ambition to ride in an aeroplane.

Eighty-two, and wanting to ride in an aeroplane! Eighty-two, and down to work in the deluge. What an object lesson for the man who at forty is satisfied with life, for whom life holds no new mysteries, no stimulus to curiosity and expectation. "Most men," said William James,—and I have quoted it many times,—"most men are old fogies at twenty-five." Is anything more to be desired than this—that a man should keep his mind so alert, his interest in life so clean-cut and polished, that, even when death catches up with him in very old age, it finds him still doing, still young?

Well, with these few reflections, let's see what's in the mail.

From a High School Principal

Dear Editor:

We get mad as an old hen when EVERY WEEK doesn't arrive on time, 'cause it is the "livest" magazine among a bunch of twelve or fifteen that we take.

Fall City, Washington. F. H. B.

Thank you, F. H. B. And, while we're on the subject, let me say that we have finally got our machinery moved into our own big new plant, and you're going to get EVERY WEEK on time every week from now on. If you don't get it, don't bother with these circulation fellows: take it up with me.

Where is Zelienople, Bill?

Dear Friend Bruce:

In this note you will find both a knock and a boost. I am very economical, killing two birds with one stone, as it were. I think your magazine is one hundred per cent pep. But why not make it larger and let us have about a jitney's worth at a time?

The only thing I can knock about old E. W. is that I never get it on time. So start the music, professor, and we will start our knock.

I say, Bruce, you need some juice
Behind your transportation.
You need more speed, for we must read
To be an efficient nation. Yours,

Zelienople, Pa. BILL.

Read the paragraph just above, Bill, for an explanation of the delays in delivery—which, by the way, are a thing of the past. And good luck to you. But where, Bill, is Zelienople?

Some One is Always Taking the Joy Out of Life

Ye Hon. Ed.:

Say! Listen! I've got a "mad on"! You spoiled my best form of recreation by publishing your article on "What your right hand does when you telephone." I had that delightful habit until I read the examples in fact, I had just finished throwing a sheet from my pad into the waste basket. I immediately resumed it, and inclose same herewith. But—the trouble is that it made me so conscious of this failing that I can not start writing before I think of it. Then the fun quits. What's the use of doing it when you are thinking of how foolish it is!

How do you do it? Get all those little interesting articles, I mean.

Keep it up. Good luck to you and EVERY WEEK.

Chicago. R. A. S.

The Five-Cent Price Wins

Dear Editor:

I asked my news-dealer whether he thought he could sell as many EVERY WEEKS at five cents; and he said that he thought he could sell even more. People hate to bother with pennies, he said; and, besides, the paper is worth the jitney. Why don't you?

CHARLES BERGEN.

We did it, Charles, last week, as you noticed. And there is every evidence that it is going to go big. I've worked around on magazines quite a bit in my life and seen all sorts of editorial mail. There never was a magazine so bad that somebody wouldn't write to it and say, "I couldn't keep house without it." But I honestly never saw mail that in friendliness and enthusiasm equals the kind of letters I get. I tell you, Charles, that if you and the rest will stick along for another year and boost at the news-stands the way you are doing, we'll have something here in 1919 that in bigness and success will surprise you.

Make an E. W. Scrap Book

We have achieved fame at last. An actress has inaugurated a campaign with us as the central feature. Miss Gertrude McCoy is making up scrap books from old copies of EVERY WEEK, and shipping them to the hospitals in France for the entertainment and instruction of the wounded American soldiers.

Readers of the magazine who would like to cooperate in this worthy enterprise are invited to secure a good strong book,—an ordinary ledger or day book is satisfactory,—cut out every other leaf, so that the book will not bulk too large, and fill it with pasted extracts from the magazine.

When completed the books may be sent to Miss Gertrude McCoy, care Hoffman-Foursquare Pictures, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York. Miss McCoy has made arrangements to forward them to France.

On Lunching with a Prominent Man

I lunched the other day with a prominent man who was in Paris on the very eve of war. He told me about the tension in the American Embassy at that time. He said that Ambassador Herrick called the German Ambassador on the telephone, and told him—in the language of plain, old-fashioned business, not the language of diplomacy—that what his government was doing would incur the hatred of all mankind.

Think back to those days. Remember that for a period of forty-eight hours or so the fate of the whole world hung on the decision of half a dozen men. Those half dozen could have saved the blood of millions: yes, even one of them could have done it.

When this war is over, we must fix things so that never again can the peace of the world be dangled from the fingers of any little group or any little groups.

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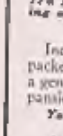

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He Made the Liberty Motor

Who made the Liberty Motor? That was what everybody asked when the War Department announced that two American inventors had perfected a new aëroplane engine that would enable the United States to have 20,000 fighting machines in the air by next summer. The young man with the smile is one of the two inventors whose brains and patriotism may give the Allies command of the air and thus hasten the final victory.

A YOUNG engineer hurrying through the executive offices of a motor company in Detroit three years ago stopped for a word with his chief.

"The United States is going to get into this war before it's over," he said.

"I shouldn't be surprised."

"It's up to us to get busy, then," said the energetic young man.

"Of course; but what do you figure on doing?"

"Building an aëroplane motor."

"What's your idea?"

"Don't know yet, but I'm going to work at it."

Out of that conversation has come the Liberty Motor. Jesse Gurney Vincent is the young engineer. He is one of the two men who made the now famous engine for fighting aircraft hailed by the government board of experts as the most perfect thing of its kind. The other is E. J. Hall, of the Hall-Scott Motor Company of Berkeley, California. Thanks to their work, it was officially announced recently that there are now "no demands of this Government or the Allies that can not be met after next July."

After that talk in the shop Mr. Vincent went to work. He kept at it day and night for nearly three years, and the Packard Motor Company—of which he is vice-president—spent $400,000 on his experiments.

Young Vincent—he is only thirty-eight—puts it all up to hard work. As he looks at it, he was bound to get results if he kept plugging. The fear that his country might go to war with his particular link in the preparedness chain missing only made him work faster. He is an engineer who gained knowledge first at the school of hard experience and backed it up later with hard study.

When he was seventeen Vincent left his father's home and got a job as bookkeeper in a St. Louis store. But that kind of figuring didn't appeal to him, and after a year he quit his white-collar job to put on the flannel shirt and overalls of an apprentice in a machine shop. He became an expert machinist and toolmaker, and in 1902 the Universal Adding Machine Company of St. Louis took him on as a toolmaker. It wasn't very long before he had charge of his department.

From there he went to the Burroughs Adding Machine Company. He hadn't worked there long as a tool designer before he was made superintendent of inventions. He reorganized this department, and most of the improvements on this adding machine are his work. He not only had ideas, but he could carry them out and could put to practical use the ideas of others.

Eight years ago Vincent joined the engineering staff of the Hudson Motor Car Company, and after that his rise was rapid. He went shortly to the Packard Company as chief engineer. As vice-president of the company he still has charge of the engineering department.

Unlike many inventors, Vincent isn't satisfied with inventing things. He insists upon putting his inventions to the test of service himself. Probably by this time he has been up with an aëroplane equipped with the Liberty, and has proved to himself that it will do what he wants it to.

Anyway, when he built a 12-cylinder automobile motor now in use he was the first to try out its speed qualities. He circled the Sheepshead Bay Speedway in New York at the rate of 102¼ miles an hour, breaking all records for touring types of motors.

Vincent is now a major in the Signal Corps.

Principle in World Affairs

The Christian Science Monitor is an international daily newspaper published in Boston every week-day afternoon.

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A Man Whom Every Week Helped

DO you remember the letters we published a few weeks ago from men who had passed the fifty mark? There was one from a minister among them, and he said in effect: "There may be a chance for men of my age in other lines of business, but what can I do? What chance is there for me?"

Four readers, to whom that letter appealed, sat down and wrote the minister out of their own experience, suggesting ways in which he might turn his education and training to advantage.

We print his letter below, because it's interesting, and because, in days like these, when there is so much of cruelty between men, we like to give publicity to every evidence of the fact that common, ordinary folks still have in them enormous capacities for being kind.

The Letter

Dear Editor:

I can not fully express either my appreciation or feelings in reference to the letters forwarded to me by you, written in response to the letter in EVERY WEEK. I thank you personally and as representing the paper.

I felt the depths of me moved as I read them. Thoughts thronged, demanding recognition. The most outstanding and dominant one was the disclosure of a deep undercurrent of sympathy and fellowship, down beneath the turbid jetsam and flotsam burdened surface of civilization. Heart does answer to heart.

If it would not be presuming too much upon that spirit, I would like through the columns of EVERY WEEK to thank the writers who have reached out this hand of sympathy and fellowship. The spirit is worth even more than the suggestions made.

May you and yours be enriched with all things, especially those that abide.

Yours sincerely W. W. H.

A MOTHER'S gift to baby is health; or it is an impaired digestion, a puny body and a weakened resistance to disease.

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